Week ending August 14 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

BEGINS INSIDE: THE REMARKABLE NEW NOVEL OF MAU MAU TERROR IN KENYA

A THING TO LOVE

by Elspeth Huxley

RITA HAYWORTH'S radiant loveliness is caught by a leading artist in the pure white beauty of this sculpture. Rita knows the secret of a creamy, petal-soft complexion; she always uses the whitest soap—Lux Toilet Soap. (**RITA HAYWORTH** stars in Columbia Pictures' film, **MISS SADIE THOMPSON.**)

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Will you make the most of it? That's largely a question of *care*.

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Decide now—if you're wise—not to let another day go by without helping nature to make you lovelier. Resolve to give that tender new skin the very best of care, the mildest possible cleansing.

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As you use Lux Toilet Soap, you'll grow to know what mild, pure care—every day—can mean to your complexion. It's no accident that 9 out of 10 film stars trust to Lux Toilet Soap!

The bewitching fragrance of pure, white Lux Toilet Soap lingers lovingly with you, enhances your allure. Try Lux Toilet Soap today. It comes in two sizes—each a promise of new loveliness for your delicate skin.

Rita Hayworth—like 9 out of 10 other film stars—uses pure, white Lux Toilet Soap

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EDITORIAL

Way out of a jam

WHEN Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd's four-and-a-half litre Bentley gets stuck in the endless traffic jam that clogs London's streets, he can hardly accept the situation with the stoicism which most drivers are forced to adopt.

For Mr. Lennox-Boyd could have done something about it; he was until recently Minister of Transport.

"But he is not a dictator," explained his parliamentary secretary, Mr. Hugh Molson, to the House of Commons, after admitting that London is not far from a complete traffic blockage. "He is obliged to carry with him both the local authorities and the police."

MR. LENNOX-BOYD would have had a model for the job of dictator in Mr. Henry A. Barnes, of Baltimore, U.S.A. When Mr. Barnes went to Baltimore, the traffic was as "snarled" as that of London and our other big cities. As traffic engineer, he had the job of making the wheels go round.

MR. LENNOX-BOYD
He missed his chance

He began with large pots of paint. All over the roads he marked traffic lanes, so that no car ever took up the place of two. When the pots were empty he coloured them and set them up as portable traffic islands.

Forests of signs followed, some with rotating dials which changed according to the time of day. Then came more one-way streets and traffic lights.

"Lights should be used to keep traffic going, not to stop collisions," he said. So giant electronic brains now analyse traffic flow, and keep the lights changing to match. The result has been faster, cheaper and safer travel.

ABOUT thirty thousand new vehicles drive on to Britain's roads every month, adding to the time and petrol wasted in jams—already costing £60 million a year. But the three rival authorities—police, local councils and Ministry of Transport—still argue between themselves and make tiny, ineffectual efforts to cope.

If a London council wants a one-way street, it first has to ask police permission, and then ask the Ministry for signs. If traffic lights are needed, police, council and Ministry are involved. A council can take a road up and leave the police to worry about the ensuing traffic chaos.

TO get us out of the jam the new Minister of Transport should make full use of the regional traffic engineers—by giving them the powers they need to keep the wheels moving.

If he requires any greater incentive than the sight of our traffic jams, he might ponder the fact that, at fifteen miles to the gallon, a Bentley will tick away at least 4s. 6d. worth of petrol every half hour it has to wait.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

EVER had the urge to throw a brick at a well-dressed shop window? Or place a fist in the middle of a decorated cake? That's how Charles Wood sometimes feels when he sees the too perfect workshop of a friend who lives near him in Alfriston, Sussex. So when a small boy and his admiring girl friend paid a visit from nearby Wilmington, Wood let himself go with his paints. "Workshops as tidy as this," he says, "deserve to be ruffled a little."

Sunshine Susie will be called-

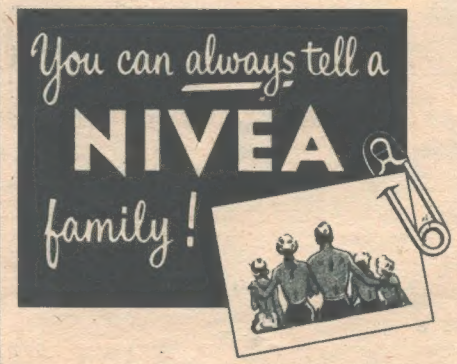
THE GOLDEN GIRL!

We were determined that baby Sue should really enjoy her first holiday by the sea. A good rub-over with NIVEA was the first step in the right direction.

We took things gradually at first and soon had her splashing happily in a friendly little pool. She had caught the sun already . . . but it hadn't caught her!

Did anyone ever see such a happy little sandgirl! In a matter of days our Susan was brimful of confidence and ready for the sea. "What a wonderful colour," everyone was saying.

John just had to buy some colour film . . . . . he was so proud of our NIVEA family tan, especially Sunshine Susie's. She'll be called "The Golden Girl" from now on!



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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
AUG. 14, 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2511 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

She knew how to welcome guests

SOME friends of mine, married before the war, returned after twelve years to the boarding house where they had spent their honeymoon. The landlady not only remembered them, but, when serving tea on their arrival, remarked: "I've given you damson jam, because I know you like that best."

When my friends expressed their surprise at her remarkable memory, she said: "I never forget visitors I like, however long it is before they return."

This year the landlady died. Recently, my friend met her daughter, and commented on her mother's remarkable memory. The daughter smiled, and said: "That wasn't her memory but good business sense. She always kept a record of visitors' preferences. It gave those who returned a good start to their holiday to feel that they were so well remembered."—MRS. E. J., Bristol.

Nature Cure

FLOGGING the back with a bunch of nettles is a recognized treatment for rheumatic troubles in many parts of Europe, particularly in Poland ("Free Speech," July 24). When my cousin was in a prisoner-of-war camp in Upper Silesia, he was unable to obtain a remedy for his lumbago. At the suggestion of his Polish fellow-prisoners, he allowed himself to be stung by some ants. He was cured. —MRS. S. Y. ROSE, Hatfield, Hertfordshire.

Nettles and ants contain formic acid, which appears to have a remedial effect in some cases of rheumatic trouble, says a doctor.

All Clear

I WAS walking near our home on Sunday when a car passed with a passenger squatting in the luggage boot. As the car approached a policeman on point duty we heard the horn

toot three times, and the boot cover was promptly closed until the policeman had been passed.—N. G. BISHOP, Oxford Street, Barry, Glamorgan.

Call Of The Sea

MY son chose his own career, and I have never regretted allowing him to do so ("Free Speech," July 24). At school he said he wanted to enter the navy, but when he left I had him in my business for six months. He had no set hours, and pleased himself whether he worked or not. We were both satisfied with the result. I got service, and he gained experience. At the end of his trial period, he was still determined to go to sea. When he comes home in March, he will have sailed the world as a petty officer. He is a happy man, enjoying every minute of his work and leisure. I think he knew better than I did where he was going.—N. S., Coventry.

Our Growing Army

CHILDREN today are certainly taller and heavier ("Free Speech," July 24), and I have no doubt that manufacturers of boys' clothing will have to revise their ideas about standard sizes. Recent research carried out by us has shown that Britain's men are also bigger. A study of size-rolls for military contracts indicates that average chest measurements for men of military age have increased by one and a half inches in the past ten years and by at least two inches since 1939.—JOHN COLLIER, chairman, John Collier, Limited, London, E.C.2.

Identity Card

A FEW years ago I had first-hand experience of the ingenuity of railway thieves and of the methods used to trap them (JOHN BULL, July 17). I was awaiting delivery of a child's pedal car when a British Railways lorry stopped outside my house. The driver asked me if I was expecting a parcel, and I described it to him. On his lorry was a crate containing the car. Over my name and address had been stuck fresh labels giving a new consignee. But the thieves had forgotten to cover a label on the bottom, and this one the driver had seen. When detectives went to the address given, they recovered a lot of stolen property. — MRS. M. HEATHER, Dunoon, Argyll.

. . . I was particularly interested in Lewis Greifer's article on the railway police, as William Richards was once my chief. While serving under him in 1945, I was awarded the King's Police Medal for Gallantry. I have always believed that I am the only railway police officer to have won it. The medal is now awarded only posthumously, the George Medal superseding it for acts of gallantry by living persons. — W. P. HUDDART, Turville Road, Leicester.

District Inspector Huddart, who retired in April, is the only railway police officer to win the King's Police Medal for Gallantry. As a detective sergeant he disarmed and arrested a

Sir Humphrey's Indiscretion

He had won six thousand pounds. He had met the greatest little girl in the world. His wife would have something to say about that but not till tomorrow. And who cared about tomorrow?

Meet Sir Humphrey in Robert Standish's captivating story . . .

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

gunman at London Road station, Leicester. In the struggle the gun went off and a bullet passed through the shoulder of his overcoat.

Wait For It

I WONDER if the man who advocated monthly pay packets ("Free Speech," July 10) would like to go one better and have his wages paid yearly. Some years ago in Canada, my employer allowed me six per cent

interest because I was paid only once a year. As I was working on his farm I needed little money, and there were no half-day holidays then.—P. ROLES, Hookley Lane, Elstead, Surrey.

Testing Time

THIRTY motorists volunteered at Hamilton, Lanarkshire, to take another driving test. The result was similar to that experienced at Hendon (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 17). The test was conducted by a driving instructor according to a scheme outlined by the Motoring Schools' Association. Most of the drivers might have been failed by a Ministry examiner. The main faults noted were: late signals, incorrect positioning, and the use of brakes instead of gears to slow down the car. — ALEX TAYLOR, Organizer, Lanarkshire Road Safety Joint Committee, County Buildings, Hamilton.

. . . As a police constable, I have noticed that the most common driving faults are: failure to give slow-down signals, wrong positioning at junctions, misleading hand signals. Too many drivers seem to think that a point-duty policeman is there to answer questions.—D. W., Doncaster.

A Padre In Korea

AS padre to the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, I thoroughly enjoyed Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley's book, *The Edge of the Sword*. I was in the last group to be released by the Chinese at Kaesong, on September 5, 1953. Like Captain Farrar-Hockley, I retain vivid memories of our extraordinary life at Camp 2 on the Yalu River.

During captivity, I managed to jot

down a few facts and dates about our experiences on a small piece of paper —about three inches by five inches. This was smuggled out before my release by a repatriated American officer, and he posted it from America to my bank in England, where I later collected it. — REV. S. J. DAVIES, M.B.E., C.F., 2 Training Battalion, R.E.M.E., Honiton, Devon.

From his notes on the scrap of paper, and from his recollections of months in captivity in Korea, the Rev. S. J. Davies has written a book under the title, "In Spite of Dungeons." It has a foreword by Colonel Carne, V.C., and will be published on November 4 by Hodder and Stoughton. Our picture of the padre was taken in Korea.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

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With so many calls on us these days, most people could do with some of that "Everest energy"—the energy that took the Mount Everest climbers on and up to victory. And the climbers chose Grape-Nuts to take with them.

Made from wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts are *concentrated* goodness. To the climbers, that meant less to carry. To you it means a handy packet that holds 12 ounces —as much as the biggest! And a little Grape-Nuts with milk and sugar make a big, energy-giving helping.

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Her father looked grey and drawn. "What's happened?" she asked. The colonel spoke carefully. "There's been . . . a sort of a raid," he said

A remarkable novel... Kenya is the scene, Mau Mau the challenge

A thing to love

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

ON THE WHOLE, Sam Gibson thought, his fellow passengers were a drab lot. Next to him was a plump, stubby woman whose short grey hair stuck out from beneath a felt beret which lacked gaiety. Her wrists were thick, she smoked incessantly and her pouched face looked as melancholy as a bloodhound's. Across the aisle was a paunchy man with a red face, coarsened by high living, and next to him a wife older than himself, shrewish-looking, with bleached hair and discontented features. They were reading American glossy magazines and going to Johannesburg.

The two seats in front of him were occupied by passengers whose back views were of rather more interest. One was black, and apparently absorbed in reading. The other, next to the window, revealed herself by the appearance of a hand gripping between thumb and finger the flight report now going the rounds. This hand was young, light and firm, neither talon-like nor flabby, the nails unvarnished but well-tended.

Sam's spirits rose. A little later he disengaged himself from rug, flight-belt, newspapers and books and walked along the aisle to stretch his legs. On the way back he was rewarded. He saw a girl in her early twenties, wearing conventional tweeds and little make-up. Her eyes were blue and frank, and her chestnut hair was cut short to a small head.

She was very attractive, and Sam glanced with vexation at her dark neighbour, who couldn't be expected to appreciate his good fortune. Nor was it desirable that he should.

A tightening of the ear-drums told him they were coming down. Rome . . . or so they said. This welter of low, flaking concrete buildings over wet tarmac belonged not to Rome in particular but to Cairo, Dakar, Karachi, Manila—to any major airport in the world.

In the airport restaurant, Sam managed to

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

"And death and hate and hell declare That men have found a thing to love"

—G. K. CHESTERTON

seat himself at the same table as the young woman. The meal arrived at once, briskly served. Carafes of red wine appeared. He offered some to his fellow traveller, who shook her head.

"It helps to make you dozy," he suggested.

"But I don't want to doze. I might miss something."

He smiled. "Your first trip?" he asked.

"Yes—well, of course, I came over, so it's my second in a way. It's too quick."

"They keep trying to make it quicker," Sam said. "You should go by sea."

"I'd like to. I've never been in a ship."

Sam suppressed more questions, feeling a little as if he were approaching a nervous pony—a sudden movement and she might whisk away. She was full of queer naïvety: somehow it seemed odd to be a total stranger to all seagoing vessels, though he supposed that this was a very English point of view. But then, wasn't she English? Perhaps Colonial? He tried an oblique approach.

"Who's your dark-skinned companion?"

"His name's Gitau, he runs a teacher-training college and he's been to England for some conference or other. That's all I know. He's rather reserved."

Sam was glad to hear it. "I think I read somewhere about a conference—The Rally of Coloured Peoples, or Crusade Against Imperialism, or League for Democratic Right—something like that. They crop up every spring, nearly always in Manchester."

"I think this one was in Leeds."

"I wish someone would pay my return fare so that I could make a self-pitying speech saying I'm oppressed. Mine was a more bucolic quest. I went to buy a bull."

"And did you?"

"After a struggle. It's curious how, when I'm buying, everyone else wants the same thing, but when I'm selling it just happens there's no demand that season. Do you find that?"

"I don't buy and sell anything. But my father farms, and he says the same thing."

This was splendid: they were getting on famously. He discovered she was Patricia Foxley, the daughter of a Colonel Foxley he'd vaguely heard of, or perhaps even met at farmers' gatherings; a man who, so far as he could recollect, had been in Kenya for a long time and suffered a good deal of bad luck.

The girl had a job of some sort, away from her home, but when he probed to find out where she lived and what she did, he came up against an unexpected reticence. He was puzzled. She wasn't the sort of person to take on anything she was ashamed of.

He walked back with her to the plane with the little mystery still unsolved, feeling half pleased, half disgusted with his own behaviour. What use was there in making up to this unsophisticated girl? He'd probably never see her again, certainly he wouldn't make the attempt. But, all the same, when they had piled into the caterpillar body of the aircraft he felt it suddenly intolerable that the black orator on Democratic Right or Imperialist Oppression should have Pat Foxley to himself all the way to Nairobi.

"Do you mind awfully if I change places with your dark friend?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"I don't think you're allowed to change."

"It can't be an offence against the law."

"No, but he'd be offended."

"To hell with him!"

He realized at once he had gone too far; the girl frowned and then looked positively distressed. He was annoyed that she should care so much for this black man's feelings—a man whose life was probably devoted to scheming and declaiming against people like himself and her father. He added:

"Of course, I'll change back if you'd rather."

"It's not what I'd rather, but after all it's his seat and he'll probably feel. . . ."

Just then the African appeared and said, in excellent English:

"Excuse me, but you're in my seat."

"I wonder if you'd mind changing places? We've discovered mutual friends, and I'm anxious to talk to this lady for a bit. . . ."

Sam tried to make his voice offhand and not unfriendly, but, emerging, it was cold and arrogant. The African scowled, and was about to reply in anger when the air hostess glided up and either discovered or invented a mistake in the seating arrangements. The two ladies, she said, should have been paired, and the two gentlemen. So Sam found himself next to the disgruntled Gitau and Pat Foxley beside the dumpy lady, and deprived of her window-seat.

Sam acknowledged ruefully that his little ruse could hardly have been more of a failure. Now everyone was upset. And the man Gitau was probably brooding over yet another insult to his race. Nevertheless, it hadn't, Sam assured himself, been a racial matter at all; he'd have played the same trick—or tried to—on his own brother. That was the difference, of course: his brother wouldn't have minded, Gitau did. Discouraged, he leaned back and dozed.

When he came to, the aircraft was as steady as a church at twenty thousand feet and Gitau's attention seemed to be sliding off the purposeful literature to which his mind had previously been addressed: some pamphlets on capital investment, child mortality and trade unionism.

"I'm sure I've seen you before somewhere," Sam said, resolving to make amends.

"I don't remember."

"Aren't you the head of a college for teachers?"

Gitau now looked at his neighbour with signs of interest.

"How did you know that?"

"You see, you're famous," Sam said.

Gitau was not to be taken in.

"I am not in the public eye," he said coldly.

"Miss Foxley tells me you've been over for a conference. By the way, my name is Gibson," Sam went on.

"Yes. It was not a conference you would approve of, Mr. Gibson."

"Probably not!"

"People came to it from many countries—from France, from Sweden, from Italy, from India, even from Russia. From all over the world they came, and they are interested in our problems in Kenya. They applauded my talks."

"Weren't you nervous?" Sam asked.

"Nervous? Why should I be nervous? I was among friends. But of course it was another matter in the streets. . . . All the same, Leeds is a wonderful city."

"I expect it must be," Sam agreed. Gitau spoke with a trace of wistfulness which he found almost touching. To him, any large industrial city would seem a prison; to a Kikuyu like Gitau, he supposed, with countless generations of primitive peasantry behind him, it would represent progress, modernity, freedom. It struck him that Gitau came to England to find the very things he'd left England to avoid. Perhaps they ought to change places. Perhaps, one day, they would. For himself, he didn't intend ever to leave Africa, and hoped that his son would follow him on the land he was turning from rawness into fecundity.

His ears buzzed again. Khartoum: the same flaking concrete, the same mass-produced meals.

This time he was foiled in his efforts to join Pat Foxley—she clung to the dumpy lady and the couple from Johannesburg. Sam found himself stuck with Gitau and wished that they had more to say to each other. Once you ruled out politics, the points of contact seemed few. Books, music, folklore, history, art—there must be a key somewhere. Perhaps cows . . . ?

"Do you live in Nairobi," he asked, "or have you land in the reserves?"

"I have no land," Gitau answered, as Sam thought, morosely, "but nor do I live in Nairobi as a rule."

"You must have been brought up on the land," Sam persisted.

"My father had a shamba, certainly. Some of it was taken for a European girls' school and

They were keyed up, expectant, impatient of

delay. Gitau struck his palm. In a slow, commanding voice, he said: "The guns will be here before the little rains. Then . . . we can strike!"

the rest belongs to my brother. So there is nothing left for me."

"In any case you are a teacher," Sam said soothingly. "Perhaps that's enough for any man." Scratch a Kikuyu and you find a grievance about land; talk to one for five minutes, and you're on to politics.

They were back in the aircraft again. Sam said, for the sake of something to say: "Do you like flying, Mr. Gitau?"

"It is convenient."

"Perhaps you'll be willing to give some credit to Europeans for inventing it."

"I cannot help doing so," Gitau said with unexpected vigour, "when Europeans tell us so often to admire their wonderful brains. Don't you think an African could fly this aeroplane if Europeans were willing to train him?"

"I dare say he could. I can drive a car, but I couldn't design or make one. Besides, don't you think yourself that aptitudes which come naturally to people after centuries of practice. . . ."

"I believe you are going to talk about two thousand years of Christian civilization. Excuse me, Mr. Gibson, but we are very tired of that." He picked up his book.

Sam was furious. How many Europeans, he asked himself, would have spoken to Gitau on terms not only of equality but of friendliness? Precious few! And then Gitau had slapped the hand held out to him. What could you do with fellows like that?

Sam settled in a discouraged mood into his seat, which was beginning to feel too narrow and its leg-room too short. To hell with both of them, he thought, the girl and the African. They had their own rails to follow, and he had his.

When she caught sight of the house, Pat felt a small shock of pleasure. It was like a gnome, with grey hunched shoulders under an enormous hat of thatch. By all laws of proportion, the roof was much too big, for it had been built by unskilled labour, or at least labour unskilled in the European type of building, though accustomed to constructing good solid thatch to keep out spirits as well as vicious thunderstorms. The house looked friendly and quite at home—something hybrid, but lacking the arrogance of the interloper.

Colonel Foxley had not gone down to meet his daughter at the airport; the long, jolting drive was painful to his stiff joints. He was a tall, lean man, though now bent and jerky, and he greeted his daughter jauntily.

"Now you're back, I wish you'd stay with us a bit," he said, "and leave your little black Sambos in peace."

The colonel walked with his daughter across the lawn and down to the stream that bounded the garden. Pat remained silent. As so often with her father, she felt embarrassed by the knowledge of her own delinquency. She knew that she could bring her parents infinite happiness by settling down with them. She knew how much they hated the thought that all they had created through their years of struggle would pass to a stranger to whom it meant nothing, when they grew too old to be out each day by

His throat was dry, he felt dull and tongue-tied. "Pat," he said, "have I no hope at all?"

seven and to notice when a fence was broken or the dip in need of cleaning out or a calf of scouring, and to hear the long tales of the Kikuyu who came each day with some request, complaint or explanation, or to have their sores dressed and aches and pains attended to.

Mamie Foxley, Pat's mother, ran an amateur clinic—improvised, like everything else on the farm—and she'd grown quite skilful in her treatment of the woolly-headed black babies, even those who'd crawled into the fire, or contracted ophthalmia from smoky huts, or dysentery from flies.

If Pat could take everything over . . . but this was impossible. It wasn't only that her own special urge pushed her in a quite different direction. She knew she'd bungle it. And other things seemed so much more important. But then, was hers a fundamentally selfish point of view? She sighed, as usual baffled by the dilemma.

"I suppose Mother hasn't persuaded you to take on a manager," she said.

"You know I can't possibly afford it. They're asking fifty or sixty pounds a month. How could any farm of this size stand up to it?"

She was silent, knowing he was right. If only she'd been a man; or—it all came back to that—if only her brother Edward had survived the war.

"Young Piet Hendriks is a great help," her father added. "I must say he's a decent sort of chap, a good neighbour. Lives rough, but the more I see of him, the more I think he's got to him. He's coming over tonight."

PAT didn't want to see Piet very much. Not that she disliked him; they'd been brought up together, they were old friends; but now she found it hard to talk to him, so far apart had they grown in their lives and their ideas.

"You haven't told me anything about your trip yet," the colonel observed. "Did it go well? I mean the conference, or whatever it was called."

"Yes, it was wonderful."

"Nothing was ever settled by talking," the colonel said. "Only postponed."

"I think it gave a lot of us new inspiration to perform deeds and not only to listen to words."

"Well, have it your own way. I wish I knew what had put such ideas into your head."

Pat laughed. This was an old, sore subject, and if she didn't laugh at her father's attitude she'd be angered by it.

"Oh, I know it's all very necessary," he added crossly. "But I wish you'd left it to other people and stayed at home to help your mother. She needs help now I'm such a damned cripple. I can't see for the life of me how you square it with your conscience to put those little black brats—who grow up no better than they should be, anyway—before your own mother. If it's a question of duty, that's where yours lies. If you'd merely gone off to have a good time in Nairobi, I could have understood it. But this other thing——"

He broke off, knowing it futile to bring it all up again. Pat realized that her parents were half ashamed of her. If she'd become a typist in Nairobi, they would scarcely have resented her absence. But to see her turn into a sort of missionary! A teacher in a mission school, drumming a lot of useless nonsense into those black woolly heads, turning out swollen-headed youths who thought themselves too grand for manual work and went to swell the ranks of spivs in the towns, surrounded by half-starved parsons and unctuous Africans in an atmosphere of forced brotherly love—it was deeply distressing.

"Was there anybody interesting on the plane?" Mamie asked, after greeting her daughter. "Anyone we know, I mean?"

"I don't think so," Pat replied. "There was

Continued on page 32

Props man Plews supplies anything from birdseed to Roman chariots for films. With Pier Angeli, he admires a ring he found for one of her screen rôles

Herbert Plews fakes anything for Hollywood

by KEITH ELLIS

He finds roses in the desert and makes trees "grow" in seconds. As a film props man, his proudest boast is: "We're the biggest fakers in the world"

HOLLYWOOD.

SOME TIME AGO, a film director shooting a scene in a remote part of the Arizona desert decided he wanted a bunch of flowers for the leading man to throw in the leading lady's face. "Limey," he roared at a short, slim, property man, "get me some flowers."

Herbert Plews, whose right to the nickname "Limey" rests on the fact that he was born in Cardiff fifty-six years ago, produced a bunch of artificial roses from a large blue trailer, his workshop and stock-room on location. The director snapped: "Those stink. I want real flowers."

Plews glanced hopelessly across the desert. Suddenly, he remembered the railway line. A glance at his watch told him that a train was due at the water-stop half a mile away. Seizing a bundle of expensive cigars from the trailer, he jumped into his car and arrived at the water-stop just as the train was pulling in. "Wait here an extra five minutes," he told the driver, thrusting the cigars into his hand. He then rushed down the train. The dining-car was deserted but, as he expected, there were roses on the tables. He gathered them up, and had just reached the last table when the steward appeared.

"Hey, what goes on here?" he boomed.

"We're making a film," explained Plews. "I need these flowers urgently. There'll be a cheque waiting for you at the end of the trip."

"Well, thanks," said the steward. "Incidentally, there's a bridal party in the first car."

Plews hurried back down the train. His charm and the promise of future rewards swiftly extracted from the bride both her bouquet and a corsage of lilies. Triumphantly, he drove back and presented the director with his trophies. The

Plews on the set of *The Silver Chalice*, for which he devised rugs, silversmith's tools and tableware of the first century A.D. "Limey never misses a prop," say his assistants

director took one look. "Limey," he demanded, "why the hell didn't you get orchids?"

Though the exacting demands of directors have ploughed deep, criss-cross lines in his face and turned his once-dark hair to an iron grey, Plews's ingenuity has made him one of Hollywood's top props men. Full of energy and enthusiasm, he works at least twelve hours a day during the making of a film. His assistants know him as a constant worrier. "But Limey never misses a prop," they say.

One Sunday night during the war, he was standing anxiously at the stage door of a theatre where he was voluntarily supervising the props for a charity show. A colleague had promised to bring two pistols which were needed in the first act and, with only ten minutes to go, he had not yet appeared. Plews noticed a policeman on the other side of the road. Hurrying across, he explained his difficulty, pointed out that the show was for charity, and asked if he could borrow the policeman's gun. After ringing headquarters for permission, the policeman handed it over. Plews slipped out the bullets and inserted blanks.

Cheeriest Man On The Set

For thirty-five years, through such technical revolutions as sound, colour and 3-D, Plews has been "propping" films, first for Fox and, since 1926, for Warner Brothers. He is invariably the cheeriest person on the set: "You'd go crazy in this business if you didn't find something to laugh at."

Occasionally, the private whims of an executive may make Plews's job more complicated than it need be. Some years ago, Sigmund Romberg was supervising the filming of one of his musical comedies and demanded that every prop be imported specially from Austria. In vain, Plews tried to convince him that clothes, musical instruments and beer-garden furniture could be satisfactorily reproduced in Hollywood. Finally, with the co-operation of the director, Plews ordered a rubber stamp and printed "Made in Austria" on everything on the set.

It fooled Romberg at first; but soon his delight changed to suspicion. One day he decided to trap Plews. Sweeping up a sheet of writing paper, he held it to the light and searched for the watermark. Plews stood by grinning: etched neatly into the texture, by some device known only to the property department, was the legend "Made in Austria."

Warners' prop warehouse is a hangar-like building with four floors, crammed with furniture and properties estimated to be worth a little less than a million pounds. If Plews finds that props are not in stock, he discusses with the director the cost of buying or hiring them. He then takes his list of requirements to Leo Lynch, the buyer and renter for the property department. Lynch keeps catalogues and files covering everything from farm supplies to whale teeth, and railway trains to falcon handlers.

After Lynch has found where the props are obtainable, Plews calls on the supplier to see if they are suitable. When he visited a rival studio recently to inspect a number of chariots for a film set in Rome, he found them lined up neatly outside the warehouse, with Roman armour, fasces and shields.

"They were just what I wanted," he recalls. "I decided to take the lot." Walking into the office, he thanked the warehouseman for his thoughtfulness in getting them out. The man looked surprised: "They're not for you," he said. "We've also decided to do a picture with a Roman background; we shall need them all."

"There was only one thing to do," says Plews. "We made them ourselves."

The prop-shop is a highly complex organization, staffed by craftsmen and technicians. Art Rhodes, who is in charge, says proudly: "We haven't been stumped yet."

For *The Silver Chalice*, in which the props were supplied by Plews, Rhodes's men made the equipment for a scene in which a magician plants a pomegranate seed in a small pot and, by muttering an incantation, causes it to grow into a seedling and then a full-size tree, bearing fruit. After the seed had been planted, a small motor, concealed below, pushed through "soil" of powdered cork a seedling made of brass tubing and steel wire, carefully painted and covered with tiny "leaves" of brass. When the seedling had "grown," the film was stopped and the top of a large "tree" substituted. This also "grew."

The third and last section had twigs and branches of hollow brass. To make the tree bloom, steel wires worked from below pushed artificial flowers out of concealed sheaths. Next, the flowers were retracted and tiny balloons, painted like pomegranates, were blown up by air pumped through the hollow branches.

Tricks of one kind or another come into almost every film that Plews works on. "We're the biggest fakers in the world." Some time ago, on location near San Francisco, a director discovered late one Sunday that the mountain path on which he planned to film a wagon-train was too narrow for full-size wagons. "Limey," he said, "I want three miniature wagons—by Tuesday." Plews made them in time, but he was stumped for miniature horses. "I decided to use donkeys," he says. "They were wanted only for a long shot, and on the screen you couldn't tell they weren't horses."

Often, fake props are used for safety. The solid wooden chairs, balconies and banisters that disintegrate in saloon brawls are "breakaways" made of balsa wood held together with toothpicks. The rock that shatters an Ancient Briton's skull is contrived of sponge-rubber. When an arrow embeds itself in the "bare" chest of an Indian, the actor is protected by a vest consisting of layers of aluminium alloy, white pine and flesh-coloured rubber.

Arrows Are Shot Along A Wire

"We have archers who could hit the chest from forty yards," says Art Rhodes. "But just to be sure, the arrow has a hollow shaft and is shot along a wire attached to the vest."

Plews often has to fake food for actors and actresses who are required to eat something they dislike. For Bette Davis, he has made potato chips of apple slices, and hot-cakes of sliced bananas laid together and trimmed square. In one film, James Cagney and James Gleason were supposed to drink quantities of tomato juice. As the film was about to be shot, Plews learned that Gleason loathed the taste. Dashing off the set, he concocted a substitute of mixed carrot and beet juice, which Gleason accepted.

The son of a Cardiff innkeeper who emigrated to Winnipeg, Canada, in 1912, Herbert Plews joined the 78th Winnipeg Grenadiers as a bugler in 1916. He was wounded in France and, while convalescing at Deauville, made friends with an American officer, Rowland V. Lee. "If you're ever stuck for a job, come and see me in Hollywood," said Lee. "I'm a film director." When he was demobilized, Plews found that his father's hopes of making a fortune in the goldfields had not been realized, and he persuaded the family to move to Hollywood. On their first day there, he approached the doorkeeper at Fox Studios and asked if he could see Lee. The doorkeeper refused to let him in. Plews saw extras dressed in British Army uniform walk in without being stopped. He hurried home, changed into his uniform, returned—and marched in unchallenged. "I saw Lee, and within ten minutes was working as an assistant props man."

Jewel Expert Stopped Film

Plews lives with his wife and their three cats in a suburb of Los Angeles. Although he has been an American citizen for many years, he is still a staunch protagonist of Britain.

One of Plews's incidental jobs is to see that nothing on the set is out of period. "We can't have a Greek slave wearing a wrist-watch." Often, however, he has to rely for accuracy on an expert hired by the studio. Ben Tobert, a former London jeweller now living in California, was technical consultant for a recent film.

As a Greek slave was about to hurl a silver cup, Tobert stopped the proceedings. "That cup," he said, "is typical of the period of George I." Plews substituted another, more characteristic of the first century A.D. THE END

Ellen had sent him to the house—but she hadn't mentioned murder. As he looked down at the body, her message was clear. She was asking him to . . .

COVER UP THE CRIME

by ***SIMON TROY***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

IT HAPPENED FIVE YEARS AGO, in and around a small market town in the shires. Most people have forgotten about the tragedy at Chines by now, but there are two who never come round the corner by Coppice Wood without remembering that grim October night.

One of them is Jean, who was trapped in the affair from the start. She was Dr. Fraser's daughter, the gayest and most popular girl for miles around. Everyone thought she would marry young Wainwright, whose father farmed in a big way not far from Chines.

But Guy Wainwright came out of the army to find his father dead and the farm losing money. By the time he had stopped the drain, Jean was married to Bryan Farley, the richest and most eligible bachelor in town, whatever else he was.

There was nothing Wainwright could do about it. He tightened his belt and got on with the job of putting the farm in order. Jean had chosen someone else, and that was the end of it. But it was not the end of it.

It was a Monday morning. Bryan Farley got up at eight o'clock and collected the post from the front mat. Jean was still in bed. The maid had already brewed tea, and Bryan took a cup along with the morning paper to Jean. She glanced at the letter in Bryan's hand and said, yawning:

"That's Ellen's writing, surely?"

Bryan nodded. "She's coming back to Chines on Wednesday. Wants the overmantel fixed before then because she's having a party on Sunday."

"But Bryan—we were going to London today. Must Ellen's plans always take precedence over mine?"

"We can go to London tomorrow."

"Or next week. But it seems rather childish."

SHE sat up, pushing her fingers through her hair. She had always done that when she was hurt or puzzled. Her first vivid prettiness had faded after five years with Bryan. Lines were beginning to appear on her face and she was too pale.

Ellen Gaunt was smooth and feline and dangerously lovely. Jean had been at school with her. At eighteen, Ellen had left home. At twenty, she was married to a rich man called Daley. At twenty-four, she divorced him. A year later she came back and bought Chines, a thatched cottage six miles out. And Bryan had got the job of restoring it.

Bryan had been an architect with a junior partnership when he married Jean. Then his father had died and left him enough to live on in

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"What's the matter?" Jean asked. "You look—*haggard*!" Who wouldn't, he thought, after what he had done? "I've a cold coming on," he lied

luxury. And Bryan, being what he was, packed up regular work.

He was handsome as sin, popular as the devil, and knew everyone for ten miles round. There was no more hack work for him. He picked and chose. Country house conversions were his speciality, commissions picked up in the cocktail bars of the Bull's Head or the Bell. He didn't need an office.

That was how he had met Ellen again when she came back. At the Bell.

"Darling," she said, "I've bought Chines. . . . You remember, that sweet old place beyond Coppice Wood—practically next door to Guy Wainwright's farm. You can go to town on it, Bryan. Money's no object, but it has to be quite *something* when you've finished it."

And it was. Not that he ever did finish it. Chines seemed destined to become his life's work. Bryan was weak and lazy, but he could do his stuff. Wood-carving was his hobby, and he did a magnificent job.

Now, watching him as he stood in his crimson dressing-gown, re-reading Ellen's letter, Jean said: "Anyway, the fireplace is a lovely bit of work, Bryan. Ellen should be pleased."

The overmantel was for the old kitchen at the back of Chines, now transformed into the lounge. "The best open fireplace I've come across in years," Bryan said.

Standing by the window, the breeze ruffling his dark hair, he looked something like a bronzed Greek youth. She wondered why she stayed with him, whether she still loved him. Wondered just how far love and loyalty overlap, and whether one should try to preserve the empty shell of an emotion that died years ago.

Bryan spent the morning in the shed where he did his carving. He finished off Ellen's overmantel, stowed it in the pick-up, had lunch, and drove to Chines.

THE cottage was isolated, standing half a mile from the village with the Wainwright farm across three fields. The back door key was in the woodshed, and Bryan let himself in, and carried the carved panel through the kitchen to the hall. He was half-way across the lounge when he saw the body on the floor.

It took him thirty seconds to gather his wits. It was a man's body, lying face down. The left side of its head was crushed; there was a mass of dried blood, and the poker in the hearth was sticky and hairy.

Bryan dropped the overmantel and, green-faced and frightened, went to the body and turned it over.

It was George Daley, Ellen's divorced husband. Bryan had met him only once. He sat down, breathing hard. George Daley looked as if he had been dead several days.

They can't pin anything on to me, he thought. No, but considering the relationship between him and Ellen—or what people would say the relationship was. . . .

Bryan began to sweat. He knew all about Ellen by now. They were two of a kind. Ellen was quite capable of luring him from Jean and keeping her divorced husband on a string at the same time. She was probably carrying on a third affair right now without compunction.

But after all, she was Ellen, and she meant something to him. He was quite certain that Ellen had killed Daley. No alternative even occurred to him.

He stared at the body, trying to work out what must have happened. For some reason, Daley and his ex-wife Ellen had met here at Chines, probably last weekend. She had killed him with the poker, then locked up the cottage and gone back to the south coast hotel from which she had written only yesterday—confident that when Bryan found the body on the floor he would do something about it.

Why not? He had been her slave for years. Ellen would be sure enough of her hold over him, sure he would never give her away.

He went to the window and peered cautiously out. No one was about. The car was invisible from the lane. He went into the next room and poured himself a drink, then another. With the third, he was feeling better. His stomach warmer, he went back to the lounge.

Above the fireplace was a deep cavity, once used as an oven, that had been roughly filled with rubble and plaster. No great trouble had been taken with it, because Bryan's overmantel was designed to cover the scar.

Well, out with the rubble.

He went back to the car for his tools. In the woodshed he found a pick-axe left by the builders. For half an hour he worked quickly and quietly.

Now that his first panic had passed, he began to appreciate the grim humour of the situation. Ellen's husband and Ellen's cottage—she was going to enjoy them both. By the time he had finished, she might not care so much about living here. But she wouldn't dare leave. Not with George in part-possession.

By half past three, enough rubble was out of the cavity and Bryan had another drink before tackling the most difficult operation. The body had to be manoeuvred into the cavity. It took Bryan half an hour to get it there, and made him sick. But eventually he pulled himself together again and, almost sobbing, began to pack the rubble back in.

There was no cement on the premises, so he had to make do with plaster to seal the body in. Which meant another delay. It was half past four by the time the cavity was smoothed off to his satisfaction.

But now he was safe.

The policeman might call round, or even the vicar. Guy Wainwright might take it into his head to stroll across the fields from his farm. Let them come! Bryan would be chiselling his plug-holes in the solid chimney-breast, or hoisting the overmantel into position.

By six o'clock he had finished. The rubble that had been displaced by George he carried to the farthest and wildest part of the garden and scattered. Then he brought water from the kitchen and carefully washed the floor.

He stood looking critically at the lounge, feeling pleased with himself. A craftsman's job! He washed, scrubbed his hands, brushed down. But, back again in the lounge, he went cold. The poker. . . .

What did he do with the poker? He should have lit a fire, burnt off that hair and blood. There was no time to do that now. He put the poker under his jacket and carried it to the pick-up, putting it on the floor beside him.

He coasted down the short drive into the lane, then switched on the engine and accelerated so violently that a man walking up the road had to jump out of the way.

"Why the hell don't you look——". Bryan shouted, then realized it was Wainwright.

He smiled pleasantly. "In a hurry? I thought Ellen wasn't at home."

BRYAN put his foot down hard. Through the mirror he could see Guy Wainwright standing in the road, watching him.

He turned left down the hill so as to avoid the village. Coming to a copse near the river bridge, he hurled the poker into the undergrowth, then made his way towards town.

Jean met him as he was coming through the hall after putting the pick-up away. "Bryan," she said, "where on earth have you been so long? And what's the matter with you?"

"Does anything look the matter?"

"You look—I don't know, *haggard*!"

Who wouldn't, he thought, after what he had

They were too far away to stop her. With no thought for her own safety, Ellen ran up the drive to

the burning house. As she wrenched open the door, a dense cloud of smoke and sparks billowed out

done? "I've a cold coming on," he lied. "Had a beastly headache all day."

"Then why didn't you come home sooner? You've been hours."

"Those old walls take some plugging." He added with a touch of grimness, "And that thing has to stay fixed a long while."

Over the meal, he knew Jean was watching him. She mentioned Ellen's party on Sunday, and he jumped.

"Party? I shan't be going," he said.

"Not going? But why on earth not? I thought——"

"I'm just not going."

Jean didn't press the point. He was morose throughout the meal, and immediately afterwards left the house. He went to a pub where he was not known. At half past ten, when he returned home, he was half drunk.

Next morning, he awoke to find Jean staring down at him. "Well?" he demanded, coming suddenly awake. "What have I been doing wrong now?"

"Nothing I know of," she said, very slowly, "except—dreaming maybe."

"You mean I've been talking?" He shook her, grabbing her bare shoulder so hard that it stained blue when his fingers came away. "I don't talk in my sleep."

"All right," she said quietly. "You don't."

He got up, didn't trouble with breakfast because his head spun, drank cup after cup of strong coffee. He was still drinking coffee when Jean came into the lounge at ten o'clock.

"Bryan, there—there's something odd and rather horrible in the car."

"Car?" he repeated stupidly.

"The pick-up. On the floor. Look—this."

She had folded a handkerchief round it. She dropped it on the table. It was a crusted mass of hairs and dried blood. She turned it over with a pencil. On the other side it was shaped, like a mould. The head of the poker he had thrown away would have fitted into that recess. It must have fallen off when he hurled the poker into the copse.

Jean sat down. "I think you'd better tell me, Bryan."

He swore at her violently. Then he collapsed and began to whimper like a child. She watched him quite unemotionally. For a long, long time she had realized the weakness behind that handsome façade.

Then he began to talk. She listened without saying a word. When he had finished, she went to the fireplace, brought the tongs, picked up the gruesome exhibit from the table and dropped it with the handkerchief on the fire.

"Did anyone see you?" she asked.

"Only Wainwright, damn him! As I was leaving."

"Guy. . . ." She looked at him for a moment. "You'd better stay here," she said at last. "I have to go out."

It was two hours later when she came back. He was gnawing his fingers. "You've been to see Wainwright!" he said, meeting her at the door. "You've been talking to him."

"Don't be a fool, Bryan. Look, you owe me a pair of nylons. I ruined these in the copse."

"That poker!" he said. "That damned poker!"

"You must have been crazy to leave it there. It won't be found now. Everything's all right."

"Will it ever be right?" He was staring into the fire, thumping his fist on his knee.

That night he went out again and came in late, after three hours' hard drinking. He slept till noon next day. At six o'clock he left the house; Jean saw him driving furiously down the road.

It was two in the morning when he came back. Jean was waiting in the lounge, half-asleep. "Bryan," she said, "you simply must pull yourself together. You're going to be ill."

"I can still see him. . . . I'll see him till I die, damn him."

"I don't want to seem curious, but have you been with Ellen?"

"What if I have?"

"Don't fence, Bryan! You've seen her tonight?"

"Well, yes."

"At Chines?"

"Yes, I've been there."

"It must be grim," Jean said thoughtfully, "sitting with Ellen in the firelight and knowing he's just behind the plaster. What does Ellen think about it all?"

"She won't discuss it."

"Have you faced her with it?"

"Not exactly. I asked if she'd been to Chines any time in the past week and she said no. All she did was thank me for clearing up the mess so nicely."

"Take that any way you like! I should have thought she would have wanted to know what you'd done with him."

"She doesn't care. In a few weeks it won't matter even if he's found. She could claim she knows nothing about it. She could say I must have gone there and met Daley and quarrelled with him . . . about her."

"Yes, there's that to consider." Once again Jean's unsteady fingers pushed through her hair. "Because by that time there won't be any way of telling within a few days when he died. Something has to be done, Bryan."

"What can be done?"

"You could go to the police and tell them everything about it."

"And what happens to Ellen?"

Jean looked at him steadily. She didn't help him out. "When are you seeing Ellen again?"

"Friday, if you have to know. But not at Chines. I'm meeting her at the Dragon, the pub by the river. I thought she might talk."

"Oh, your old rendezvous! What time are you meeting her?"

"Seven o'clock."

"You wouldn't like me to be there?"

He glowered at her and was stalking out of the room when she called after him.

"Bryan, there's lots more oak in the shed. Start making another overmantel in the morning. Exactly like the one you took to Chines."

"You're crazy!" he said.

She nodded. "Someone has to be."

It was a long time since he had met Ellen at the Dragon. With Chines so close at hand, it hadn't been necessary. Chines was cosier even than the little riverside pub.

By the time Ellen came in at nearly eight o'clock—for as usual she was late—he was in a sweat of fear again. Tonight she looked dangerously beautiful, wearing a black suit that seemed a mockery of mourning for George. He went to the bar and brought her a drink.

"Thanks!" She took it from him with a warm smile. "You're a pet, Bryan."

He winced, irritated by the playful phrase. A pet! She had always treated him that way. He was the faithful dog who bit or barked or fawned when told. Or even buried the bones, he thought grimly.

"Ellen," he asked, "when are we going to talk about it?"

"When you get your divorce," she answered promptly.

"I wasn't meaning that."

"But what else is there?"

"Ellen, you came back to Chines last week——"

"You said that the other night, darling, and

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MITSINARI (3)

by André Dupeyrat

In a cannibal village, a squabble between a man and his wife is like a Punch and Judy show. But when a woman is goaded too far she seeks her revenge in a most unexpected manner

I watch the fury of a cannibal family quarrel

DURING THE MONTHS that I lived and worked among the cannibals in the village of their chief, Golopouï, I gradually became a part of this primitive Papuan society. As my knowledge of the tribe's language grew—and this was the first step to the eventual aim of establishing a mission station there—I came to penetrate the mentality and customs of these savages.

The life of a Papuan is simple—at least in terms of outward actions and events. The villages are small, the huts huddle closely together. Everything that happens in a hut is known to the entire village, even the most private and intimate actions. These episodes are known down to the smallest detail, and are discussed and often ridiculed. As the villagers' universe is limited by the neighbouring peaks of Papua's central mountain range which hem in the horizon, there is little else to talk about except the doings of one's neighbour—and the gossips are never short of material.

Large-scale marital disputes—the most common theme in the human tragi-comedy—are invariably enacted in public, and thereby acquire a heightened pathos and importance. During my twenty years in New Guinea as a French *mitsinari* (missionary) I have seen many a matrimonial upheaval, in Golopouï's village as well as in others.

Such quarrels generally took place in the evenings, at the time of the main meal. First of all, one heard the husband, squatting on the veranda of the communal hut, call out to his wife, sulking in the family hut at the other end of the village: "When are you going to bring me my supper, you good-for-nothing?"

This was greeted by a contemptuous silence.

"Aren't you ashamed of keeping me waiting? Have I paid your parents for nothing? What have you been doing all day, you no-good woman? You're too tired even to bend down—is that it?"

Still there was no reply. But all the village had by now begun to prick up its ears. There would be some entertainment that evening!

The man's voice would rise. "Are you going to give me something to eat, or not? My belly's rumbling. Will you stir your putrifying legs, or won't you?" The irate spouse was by now standing upright on the veranda. With one arm round the central pillar, he leaned over precariously and bellowed: "You are like a humming bird, that flits about and never settles anywhere." The really heavy battery of insults was coming into play. Things began to look interesting. The last remark meant that the wife was lax in her morals.

"I was quite right: you're nothing but a filthy, black-bottomed trollop. . . ." He swung round to appeal to the delighted villagers in general: "When I married her, I gave her parents two pigs, an armful of dog's teeth, four

A Papuan mountain village. The poles protruding from the hut signify that it is a chief's home: the tuft of feathers on top shows his rank and power

A cannibal warrior, his stone axe slung from his shoulder, hugs his son. Children—like the family piglets—are reared with tender care

large sea-shells and six birds of paradise—and that's how she treats me. . . ."

Finally, choking with rage at his own evocation of all he had sacrificed for this worthless woman, he leaped down, rushed to his own hut, burst into it like a tornado and emerged dragging his wife by the arm. The latter hid her face with her free arm, but was careful to peep out surreptitiously to ascertain that a large audience was assembled. Reassured on this score, she then allowed herself to be dragged to the centre of the village square. There, she broke free with a sudden gesture and, standing nose to nose with her husband, began to swear at him in a high, shrill voice.

"My whole body aches from working for you, you worthless man. And you never stop beating me. My stomach has fallen to the ground" (which meant: "I'm fed up"). "I won't cook any more for you just to stuff your ugly face."

The usual upshot was that the husband grabbed his wife by her short, fuzzy hair and gave her a mild beating with the flat of the hand. The Papuans never slapped each other's faces or used their fists, although sometimes they would scratch or bite. The wife then ran off, either into the undergrowth of the nearby forest or quite simply into her hut. And then the husband went without his dinner.

Nevertheless, I have seen women grab a stick or a live coal and put their husbands to flight, to a storm of laughter and applause. It was a real Punch and Judy show! Sometimes there were more serious consequences.

Like A Wild Bacchante

One day, in Golopouï's village, after a quarrel similar to the one I have just described, a woman, who had received a more severe beating than usual, began to behave as if she had gone quite mad. She ran like a wild Bacchante, shouting and gesticulating, down the narrow village square. Suddenly, she stopped and became so purposefully calm that I felt a shudder of apprehension down my spine. No one could foresee what would happen next. Resolutely, she headed for her hut, while her husband returned to the communal hut with the air of a boxer who has just won the championship belt.

The woman had gone into her hut. She soon reappeared, however, now holding in her hand one of those oval, flat pieces of obsidian, ground to a sharp edge on one side, which the natives use to make their axes. For one moment I was afraid that her plan was to chop off her husband's head. But no. Instead, she made straight for me, and I began to wonder whether in some peculiar way she held me responsible for her misfortunes.

I was sitting on an ancient tree trunk beside the fence which protected the village. A trifle alarmed, and prepared for any eventuality, I kept a wary eye on the advancing woman. Her eyes, however, were fixed on the trunk on which I was seated. I ought to have guessed then what she was about to do. For having reached one end of the trunk, where the wood offered a flat, firm surface, she placed her left hand upon it and, before I could make a move, she had raised the stone in her right hand, and with a single blow severed her first finger at the top joint.

Her Moment Of Triumph

Complete silence reigned over the village. The woman stared at her bleeding finger for a moment, then picked up the severed portion, wrapped it in a leaf and re-entered her hut. As she did so she gave a scornful backward glance at her husband, who sat on the edge of the veranda, legs dangling and head lowered, looking mortified, shamefaced and distressed.

A few minutes later, the woman with the truncated finger reappeared in the dark hole of her doorway. This time she walked boldly in my direction, nursing her wounded left hand in her right. Now she was all smiles. She was happy: she had caused her little stir. Then laying her dripping left hand on her vast breasts, as if on a cushion, with her right she waved a knotted cord under my nose and started slipping the knots through her fingers like a rosary, muttering as she did so.

During these developments, Golopouï had approached. "She's reciting the number of times her man has beaten her," he explained. "Pay no attention to her. You know how it is, women have to be beaten from time to time."

The woman gave Golopouï a venomous look, but did not dare to utter a word. After all, he was the chief.

"It would be better to put some *mura-mura* [medicine] on her finger, so that it heals quickly," Golopouï added. "Then she can get back to work in the gardens tomorrow."

The Passionate Mourners

I stood up and made a sign to the woman to follow me. We walked over to my hut, where I roughly bandaged the injured finger. In return for my services I asked for her piece of knotted cord as a souvenir, and also, if possible, to efface her memories. But she refused with the air of a sulky child, and returned home with her head held high, her eyes smiling and her whole bearing proclaiming her victory.

This custom which the women have of cutting off their fingers to express sorrow or resentment was to be met with almost everywhere throughout the Papuan mountains. It was especially practised as a sign of mourning. During the tragic lamentations and scenes of despair which took place around the body laid out for view, the widow, mother or sister of the dead man would temporarily suspend her manifestations of grief. She would rise from her prostrate position near the corpse, retreat a short distance away, so that she could still be seen by all, then chop a joint from one finger and return to weep and scatter the blood over her dead relative.

The passionate or deliberate frenzy which seizes the women of the Papuan mountains, and leads them to show their sorrow in such barbarous ways as cutting off their fingers, may even reach such heights that they commit suicide. I saw this happen in a village near Golopouï's, where I stayed for a few days.

Tales Of A Traveller

A young man called Zavai, intelligent and strong, of a bold and violent temper, had been through a tremendous adventure. A few months earlier, an official of the Australian Government had passed through one of the valleys of the region during a reconnaissance patrol. Zavai had heard of the visit of this white man. As he was connected with several tribes through complicated family relationships, he could afford to travel well beyond the limits of his own territory, without too great a fear for his life. He had, therefore, gone to see this official and had been engaged as a bearer.

He soon distinguished himself by his strength and his intelligence, and at the request of the officers had agreed to accompany the little expedition as far as the coast. His absence lasted some three or four months. When he returned to his native village he was welcomed as a hero. He had taken a wife a short while before leaving for the coast, and the young woman, already heavy with her first child, had been the most demonstrative of all in welcoming him.

By the next day, however, everything had changed. At the previous night's gathering in the communal hut, Zavai had told his adventures and described all the wonders he had seen. First of all, pigs as big as such-and-such a neighbouring mountain, and with two long spearpoints jutting from their heads (cows, no doubt); water which stretched out endlessly, and which quivered, thundered, spat and was salty (the sea). He confessed that it had frightened him very much. Over this water he had seen a sort of little house moving with

To show their grief, the mountain women cut off a finger top when a relative dies. This woman also wears her dead child's foot round her neck

Girls from a cannibal village in the Kunimaïpa valley. Their dress is simple—a necklace and a curtain of cords suspended from a string belt

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great speed, and with a rhythmical noise louder than all the drums of the village beating together (a motor boat). He had heard spirits imprisoned in a small box sing and produce strange music (a gramophone).

Listening to these wonders, the audience drew their tongues in between their teeth and vented their surprise and admiration with a great variety of clicking and sucking noises. Finally, when Zavai had covered the whole range of his memories, he demanded news of the village.

Unfortunately, in every community there are some people who have no compunction in arousing doubt, anger and hatred in the hearts of others by a diligent recital in which more or less accurate facts are blended with highly malicious insinuations. Zavai was given to understand that during his absence his wife had consoled herself with a young man from a neighbouring and allied village.

Broke Down The Barricade

Zavai said nothing. But he did not go off to his own hut to sleep; he slept instead in the communal hut. And since I was also sleeping there, I could see that he was in a highly strung condition.

Early the next morning, I was awakened by a violent outburst of angry shouting. It was Zavai, who from the veranda of the communal hut was cursing his wife. Zavai's shouts, and the increasingly noisy exclamations of the villagers, soon forced me to get up. Shivering in the cold mist, I stuck my nose outside.

Zavai was now standing in front of his own hut dancing with rage and shaking a furious fist at the little door barricaded with a few pieces of wood. At length, he leaped on to the veranda, ripped down the flimsy doorway and vanished inside. A moment later we heard the shrill cries of the young woman. He soon reappeared, dragging his wife and beating her like a bolster. In this manner she was dragged to the middle of the square. All the villagers quickly clustered round. For this was an exceptionally serious quarrel, and worth watching in all its stages.

Slumped on the ground and shielding her head in her crooked arms, the woman allowed her husband's anger to pass over her, not saying a word and not moving. Who could have said whether she was innocent or guilty? The fact that she did not counter her husband's insults with further provocation, contrary to the habit of her sex, perhaps testified as much to innocence as to guilt.

Stripped His Wife In Public

I felt an impulse to intervene, for Zavai was going to end by beating the wretched woman to death. But, suddenly, he stopped. With a jerk of his brawny arm, he set her on her feet. Then came an unexpected gesture: with an angry motion, he tore off his wife's only garment, thus exposing her naked to the crowd.

A deep hush, full of surprise and apprehension, greeted this action.

I have already mentioned that the costume worn by the women of the Papuan mountains is of the very briefest. In the region where I was staying, feminine attire consisted solely of a small curtain of cords suspended from a string belt. It might appear that modesty was preserved in no more than principle. But that principle was most strictly observed. I had never seen a woman divest herself of this very rudimentary garment even to bathe. It would have been a terrible disgrace. It was precisely to subject his wife to this disgrace that Zavai, in his rage, had "stripped" her in public.

In the surrounding silence, the young woman glanced at herself for a moment, looked round at the spectators with wild eyes, then, emitting a prolonged scream, she hurled herself towards an opening in the circle of onlookers. People stood aside to let her pass. She was doubtless running to hide her shame in the long grass.

Instead, however, she made for an enormous tree, a sort of banyan, of the type almost always to be seen at the entrance to a village. It was, in certain respects, a sacred tree, in whose branches the dead were sometimes laid. She reached it in a few bounds, and started climbing with the agility of an opossum.

The villagers suddenly broke into an uproar. They had realized what she was about, although I still had not. A few men led by Zavai dashed after her, and in turn started climbing from branch to branch. But they got in each other's way, and the woman had a good start over them. In no time she was almost at the top of the tree. There, she began to crawl along a branch which jutted out farther than the others. When it started to bend under her weight, she uttered a final cry and let herself fall.

She must have dropped at least forty-five feet. The body grazed several branches on the way and thudded heavily on to the hard earth less than fifteen feet from where I was standing. She had fallen head first, and her neck was broken.

I bent over the unfortunate woman. What I feared had happened. The cervical vertebrae had snapped, and death had been instantaneous.

She had killed herself out of shame.

Let it not be said, then, that modesty is not some deep-rooted attribute of our natures, but is merely the result of complexes fostered by our background and upbringing. The case of this primitive woman, living in a society that was barely more advanced than that of the Stone Age, proves the contrary.

As for Zavai, he disappeared into the forest, and I never saw him again. The people told me he had gone "wild." They spoke as one would of a pig that has taken to the bush and become a wild boar.

Invitation To A Big Dance

One morning, before dawn, I set out with Golopouï on an expedition. The night before, he had suddenly decided to visit a village a day's march away. He and his people had once been invited to a big dance given by this village, and such an invitation created bonds and obligations. As Golopouï was himself planning a similar celebration, he wanted to find out what his far-away friends' movement were and discover when they would be able to come.

Among the Papuans a dance is no mere pastime, but a unique opportunity for a village or tribe to display its prosperity and power, its possessions and its artistic talent. Therefore, a great deal of care and thought goes into the preparations. Gardens are laid out, pigs reared and alliances with other tribes entered into for this specific reason. It is not unusual for two or three years to be spent in paving the way for a really big dance.

I had asked Golopouï to take me with him, as it gave me an excellent chance to get to know a new tribe. Golopouï, the four warriors who formed his bodyguard, and I jogged down a long, steep track which led to the first of the torrents we had to cross. We were heading down towards the forest which clothed the steep banks of the stream when, suddenly, the warrior in front stopped short. He signalled to Golopouï, who gazed in the direction indicated and uttered a muffled exclamation of joy. In a flash, he was ready with strung bow and arrow.

Bird Of Paradise Ballet

"Stay where you are," he whispered. "You're too clumsy, and you make too much noise. We'll call out to you when we've brought it down."

His finger pointed at the rolling outline of the tree tops. It was then that I saw an unforgettable spectacle, the morning dance of the bird of paradise. I took out my binoculars, and for ten whole minutes I was able to follow an extraordinary ballet. It was true there was only one dancer, but against that grandiose background it was worth all the corps de ballet in the world.

There are at least forty species of the bird of paradise. Strangely enough, they are only to be found in and near New Guinea. The one which now danced before me belonged to the species known as *Raggiana*.

A mission boy displays a ceremonial head-dress worn by Papuan tribal chiefs. It is made from the feathers of the colourful bird of paradise

The bird's body was scarcely bigger than a raven's, but he was clad in the most dazzling costume. The lower part of the head, from which projected a mother-of-pearl beak, was covered by a green mask speckled with gold, which blended into a ruffle of bright emerald fringed with velvety black. The rest of the neck was adorned with a little fur collar, like coffee-coloured plush. The head and back of the neck were covered by a sort of small gold cape which stretched down to the shoulders, to merge into the dark lilac of the rest of the body.

But the most beautiful ornaments were the two spreading tufts which sprouted just below his golden-brown wings on either side, opening out more splendidly than a royal cloak. At their base the long, supple and filmy feathers were like a compact sheaf of bright-red flames, which then spread out into a gossamer-fine carmine fan.

When I first got a clear view of this beautiful bird, he was lying almost full length on a slender little branch which dipped under his weight. He craned his neck forward in such a way that his golden eyes seemed about to start from their sockets. Then, rhythmically, he began to raise and lower his wings, their feathers spreading out like a fan. The back feathers swelled up in turn, and the tail, prolonged by its two fine black filaments, rose in vertical array.

Next, the two regal tufts of feathers under the wings unfolded themselves and rose until the body itself almost disappeared beneath their brilliant, filmy plumes. By some hidden contraction of the body's muscles, this crest of feathers rippled continuously like a sheet of multicoloured fires.

The bird had chosen the most propitious hour for his dance. He was performing it just as the rays of the morning sun fell obliquely across the

Continued on page 39

A pilot sits in a practice ejector seat as Benny Lynch (left) tells him how to operate the device

Lynch explains the ejector to two R.A.F. visitors. The firing handle is just above the headrest. "Doctors were horrified and condemned the seat as a death machine," says Lynch

The flying Irishman shoots himself to safety

by JOHN HARMAN

They call Benny Lynch "the man it's hardest to kill." In his work to save pilots' lives, he hurtles up from the cockpit like the bullet from a gun

AT CHALGROVE AERODROME in Oxfordshire, on a July afternoon eight years ago, Benny Lynch, a stolid, fifteen-stone Irishman, tried to hide a feeling of apprehension as he got into a Meteor jet fighter. He was about to test a theory that the safest way to leave a fast plane in mid-air is to be shot from it like a cannon ball.

The Meteor took off, climbed to a height of eight thousand feet and sped back over Chalgrove at 320 m.p.h. Lynch, who occupied a special cockpit behind the pilot, reached up with both hands and tugged at a handle jutting from the headrest of his seat. A strip of canvas attached to the handle unrolled over his face. Simultaneously, three special cartridges exploded, and the seat, with him strapped to it, shot twenty-five feet out of the aircraft.

"The slipstream hit me like a brick wall, but I was wearing a thick flying suit and my face was protected by the canvas," he says. "My main sensation was of terrific acceleration. I freed myself from the seat, which fell away beneath me, and pulled the ripcord of my parachute." A few minutes later he floated into the backyard of a public house. A rescue team which raced to the spot found him calmly enjoying a pint of beer in the saloon bar.

Since that afternoon, when Lynch became the first man in the world to be ejected from an aircraft, his firm, the Martin-Baker Aircraft Company, of Denham, Buckinghamshire, has made thousands of ejector seats for British fighters and bombers, and for aircraft of other countries, including the United States.

So far, "hot seats," as they have become known, have saved at least forty lives. In Korea, pilots have shot to safety in them from planes damaged in combat. More recently, when two jet fighters collided over Holland at ten thousand feet, the pilots ejected within seconds of each other, and landed unhurt.

To test modifications to the original seat design, Lynch has blown himself into space a score of times, both in level flight and in steep dives of up to 515 m.p.h. Before the invention of ejector gear, many pilots had been killed when trying to leave their planes at half this speed. The force of the slipstream trapped them inside their cockpits and baling out was physically impossible. When jet aircraft of 400 m.p.h. and more were introduced, the problem of providing pilots with a means of escape became serious. In 1944, James Martin, managing director and chief designer of Martin-Bakers, conceived the idea of an ejector seat.

It had to shoot high enough to carry the pilot

clear of the tailplane. Large springs, or bottles of compressed air, were ruled out as too bulky. When Martin decided to use explosives, his difficulty was to find out human reaction to a violent jerk upwards. As a test, he fitted a seat with a powerful cartridge, mounted it on an inclined guide rail and called for a volunteer to take the first ride.

Lynch, who was then employed as an aircraft fitter, and had lately survived a motor cycle crash with hardly a scratch, recalls: "Everyone in the factory elected me as the person it was hardest to kill. I was strapped to the seat and shot to a height of about five feet in one-twelfth of a second. I felt fine, but on another ride the explosive charge was increased—I went up to ten feet and had pains in my chest."

A visiting journalist who tried a similar ride slumped forward and went to hospital with compressed vertebrae. As a result of this accident, the seat was altered so that the sitter's spine was kept erect. The gun was also modified to curb the rate of acceleration, and Martin devised the canvas-blind firing handle, as a means of holding back the head, as well as shielding the face. Lynch was subsequently shot up twenty-six feet in half a second and described the ride as "very soft."

Airstream Burst A Parachute

The project met strong criticism. "Medical men were horrified when they learned we were using explosives," says Lynch. "They condemned the seat as a death machine." A senior R.A.F. officer was persuaded to take a ride on the test device—and, to his surprise, it did him no harm. But doctors predicted that even if a man withstood the shock of ejection from a plane, his face would be smashed by the slipstream.

Before his first trial in mid-air, Lynch took a parachute-jumping course at Ringway, near Manchester. Then he flew alongside a Meteor to watch ejections of a seat containing George, a 200-lb. articulated steel dummy. The dummy bore the brunt of several spectacular mishaps. "The blast of the airstream was greater than we had expected. In two tests at about 400 m.p.h. it completely burst George's parachute when it opened." On another occasion the seat struck the dummy's head with a blow which would have been fatal to a man.

After modifications had been made, Lynch was shot out himself, and then the seat went into mass production. Between trial drops, he taught civil and military pilots how to use the seat and, on May 30, 1949, one of them, a test pilot named "Jo" Lancaster, became the first airman to escape in this way in an emergency.

Pilot Lost Control In Dive

Lancaster was testing a secret delta-wing jet. He climbed to ten thousand feet and began a vertical dive. At four thousand feet he lost control and the cockpit became a blur. In a daze, he jettisoned the cockpit hood, pulled the ejector handle . . . and landed safely by parachute—his notepad still strapped to his knee. Following this and similar escapes, pilots who had been wary of ejections, and had even removed the explosive cartridges before taking off, were unwilling to fly without ejector seats.

Invariably the first impulse of airmen, after being rescued, has been to telephone or write to Martin-Bakers. One of them, who had shot himself from a jet as it crashed in flames in Germany, wrote: "Thank you for my life."

When it was found that pilots who were ejected were often semi-conscious or too badly injured to pull their ripcords, Martin designed, and Lynch tested, a fully automatic seat. "After I had pulled the 'blind' there was nothing else to do," says Lynch. "A small parachute was fired from my headrest, tilting me backwards so that the full force of the airstream was taken by the bottom of the seat. Four seconds later, a clock mechanism unlocked the seat harness and released the main parachute."

Lynch made this drop from eight thousand feet. Some airmen, however, have ejected at much lower altitudes. In 1951, an R.A.F. flying officer in Korea flew a crippled Meteor twenty miles home over enemy lines and, after a desperate attempt at a forced landing, baled out over some mudflats—and received nothing worse than a bruised nose.

In view of pilots' reluctance to abandon their aircraft—"like sailors in sinking ships, they refuse to leave until the last minute"—Lynch tested an automatic seat at 1,800 feet. The dummy has since dropped successfully from 130 feet, and it is hoped eventually to perfect an ejection from as low as fifty feet.

Seconds Seemed Like An Hour

When extreme heights are involved, baling out is complicated by lack of oxygen. The seat is therefore fitted with a control to ensure that the parachute does not open until ten thousand feet, a safe oxygen level, has been reached. Lynch had an unpleasant experience when testing this device from an open cockpit at thirty thousand feet. Frost began to settle on him, and, although his flying kit was supplemented by two sets of underclothes, two pairs of socks and four pairs of gloves, he felt bitterly cold. Immediately he was ejected, his oxygen mask automatically connected to an emergency bottle stowed in the seat. Then he started to fall.

"The ninety seconds which I had to wait until the parachute opened seemed like an hour," he says. "I landed in a cornfield, and a sudden gust of wind swept me into a barbed wire fence." Lynch spent the evening—it was St. Patrick's Day—in hospital with a broken ankle.

The lack of oxygen at high altitudes is an important consideration in the design of ejector gear for fighters and bombers of the near future, flying ten miles up at 1,000 m.p.h. To enable escapes at such great heights and speeds, Martin-Bakers and their French and American competitors are thinking about ejector cockpits. "The idea is to shoot out the entire cockpit, let it fall to oxygen level, and then blow the pilot out on an ejector seat," says Lynch.

Packs His Parachute Himself

Lynch, who gets a four-figure salary, plus a lump sum from the Ministry of Supply for every test jump, was born at Tara Hill, Ireland, thirty-five years ago, and was a fitter in the Free State Flying Corps before crossing to England in 1937. Married, with two young sons, he lives at Fulmer, Buckinghamshire.

Before an ejection, he hangs up his parachute for three days. When satisfied that the nylon fabric is thoroughly dry and will unfurl easily, he packs the parachute himself. "If it fails, I have only myself to blame." Though not superstitious in other ways, he always carries a "lucky" five-shilling piece.

He has said that the only time he is nervous of ejector seats is when he sees people touching them without proper respect for the huge power of the cartridges. In lectures, he emphasizes that, on finding a crashed plane, it is essential to neutralize the pilot's seat by taking the safety-pin—easily identified by its red label—and pushing it into a hole in the headrest. Otherwise, the firing mechanism might be touched off, killing the pilot and perhaps his rescuer.

A firing mechanism which has since been modified gave Lynch his most anxious moments. At three thousand feet, he pulled the canvas blind, opened his eyes, and found to his surprise that he was still in the plane. The firing-pin had failed to come out by a fraction of an inch.

"I had no alternative but to sit tight and hope it would stay in while we landed. For the first time in my life I prayed that an ejector seat wouldn't work." THE END

The cartridges have exploded. George, the dummy, in an ejector seat, hurtles out of a plane during a test escape. The seat parachute bursts open . . .

Four seconds later, as George swoops through the air, the main parachute is automatically released and the seat harness unlocked. The fall slows . . .

Now the main parachute opens, and the seat falls away. The dummy drifts down. Benny Lynch was the first man to be fired from a plane in this way

A modern Madam Butterfly

by HARRY MIDDLETON and WALTER McQUADE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Her name was Mitziko, and our worlds were far apart. This was our tragedy: I loved her—and never wanted to see her again

IT WAS THE SECOND PARTY I had attended at Larry Ryan's. The stage effects were the same: a welter of clinking glasses, amused voices, general hilarity. The lights of Market Street, twenty storeys below us on one of those rare nights in San Francisco free of the fog, were lined up like the columns of a victorious army, straight to the sea. The air, even on a penthouse terrace, was heavy with spring.

Through the open door, inside the crowded apartment, bare-shouldered women tossed back their hair and closed their eyes and smiled widely. The notes of a Cole Porter melody tinkled from a piano nestling against the window which faced Alcatraz across the bay.

I had come out on to the terrace with a young blonde girl, but I was silent and preoccupied, and I noticed her glance was darting inside, to see whom the piano music was coming from. I was dull company for her, I suppose. She was stirring to move inside, nearer the piano.

"Let's go in," she smiled, and I walked inside with her to the glistening baby grand.

The player, Larry Ryan, had sat down again, and he was beginning to pound out "Night and Day." There had been so many parties in this lavish bachelor eyrie that they had attained an almost professional similarity, for Larry threw parties even when they were not on his fat expense account. There were always lots of cut flowers and pretty girls . . . and the girls were changed just as regularly as the flowers.

Larry's eye caught mine and he winked. *Old Gus,* it said, *Good old Gus.* I winked back. Good old Larry. He was giving this party for me, the conqueror home from the distant conquered lands.

That first party had been for me, too, just two years before. I was going off to Japan then, to a staff job in Tokyo. It was an impressive party. Most impressive of all, Larry, standing in his central hostly position during the early hours of the evening, had a certain gravity in his beaming expression. Now and then he would glance across the room in a faintly worried way at me, until I began to think he really was concerned about my welfare in Tokyo. Good old Larry, I was thinking around midnight; he was really worried about me.

Still immersed in that discovery a few minutes later, I was telling a pretty girl how Larry and I were old friends, from the same college dormitory, when I felt a diffident tap on my shoulder, and turned, and it was Larry.

He smiled nervously and said to us, "Pardon me, Carol. . . . I mean, Dolores. . . . But Gus, would you mind stepping out on the terrace for a minute with me? I have something important to ask you."

Larry kept his back to me. "When you get to Japan," he said, "I'd like you to go and visit my son. I've never seen him"

One of Larry's party rules was broken sharply when he said that; he had always maintained that nothing should be considered important at a party but the party itself. I got up and followed him outside on to the tiled roof terrace.

HE went over to the edge of the dark roof ahead of me to lean over the railing and look down silently at the lights. For a minute or two there were only the far-away night noises of the city. The evening was so clear that even the fog horns were silent. Above, a plane was going off towards the far side of the Pacific, its wing lights flicking calmly off and on. Tomorrow I would be flying in the same direction.

Larry didn't turn round. "Would you do me a favour in Japan, Gus?" he said.

"Sure, Larry." I was rather relieved. "You want me to give your love to the girls along the Ginza?"

"Nothing like that," he said gently. He still kept his back to me. "When you get to Japan, I'd like you to go and visit my son."

"Your son!"

"It was in the Occupation. I married the girl. . . . Well, I didn't *really* marry her. It was a Buddhist thing, and the army didn't even recognize it. It kept her happy, though, and then I was shipped back to the States."

I stared at his back. "Do you want me to arrange their passage back, Larry?"

Larry turned slightly sideways. Tilted that way, his face looked soft.

"No," he said. "Send me a snapshot of the kid. I've never seen him. His name is Larry. He must be six by now. If he looks like me, maybe I'll go over and see him—and Mitziko."

He made a tolerant gesture towards the party, waving his hand vaguely towards the lighted windows. "They're better off where they are, Gus. Do you think for a minute they'd fit into this? Why, there isn't a single person in the city I could even *tell* about this except you. In my business, it would ruin me. They don't need anything, I'm sure. Her family has a lot of dough."

He shrugged. "At first, I kind of thought I'd send for her, but then, as time went by, it was very good I didn't." He paused, fretfully, then went on, "Six years old. You know, Gus, we're getting old."

SO, a month after I arrived in Japan, I clambered on to a puffing, impatient Japanese train and made the thirty-minute journey to Osogo. At Osogo, I took a horse-drawn rickshaw to the low house rambling up the side of a hill where Mitziko Noso lived with her son and her father. It was a large house, and, like most Japanese houses, fragile-looking.

By the time I was bowed into a low vestibule by a servant, my knees were shaking. I sat down on a stoop with relief to remove my shoes and put on the pair of straw soris which were waiting for me. Then the servant led me down a long corridor to a room where an old man and a young woman, both in kimono, were seated on the cushions on the floor. They both got up as I came in. The old man bowed.

"We are honoured, Captain," he said mildly. He introduced me to his daughter, who held out her hand to me.

It was always difficult for me to tell the ages of Japanese women; young, middle-aged, and old was as complete a classification as I would attempt. Mitziko Noso, however, seemed much younger than I had expected, and every bit as beautiful as I had known she must be, in the gentle, composed way of her people. Her

Continued on page 26

I had never seen her look more beautiful. Her graceful body was poised beside the bush, like a lovely, untouchable figure from Japan's splendid past

Wynford Vaughan Thomas talks his way round the world

by ELKAN ALLAN

He's the professional life and soul of the party. His gift of the gab makes him famous as a B.B.C. commentator—and earns him £5,000 a year

IN A 1948 TELEVISION programme, Wynford Vaughan Thomas was describing a gecko, which is a small lizard. Interrupting his flow of talk, George Cansdale, then Zoo superintendent, suggested that he might like to put his hand into the "harmless" gecko's mouth. Vaughan Thomas did so; suddenly, the lizard closed its jaws and trapped three fingers.

The pain was intense, but, after a pause, Thomas continued talking almost as fluently as before. It took several minutes to prise open the gecko's jaws and, when the hand was released, it was bleeding freely, but Vaughan Thomas finished the broadcast.

"I carried on talking automatically," he explained to the first-aid man afterwards. "It's the natural disease of the commentator and the only justification for his existence."

Talking comes easily to the forty-six year old apple-cheeked, plummy-voiced Welshman. In the seventeen years he has been with the B.B.C. he has averaged three broadcasts a week from a total of five countries—equal to about two thousand consecutive hours on the air. Apart from the few seconds after the gecko bit him, he cannot remember ever "drying up."

He came near to it in the broadcast that first made him famous, on a bomber raid to Berlin. As the Lancaster arrived over the city, the rear-gunner warned: "Night fighters attacking, sir." Vaughan Thomas says: "I felt a cramp in my stomach, but before I had time to stop talking, I heard the wonderful words, 'We've got him. He's going down,' and I gabbled away in relief.

"I was certain that I was talking much too fast, which is a fault of mine, but for once I didn't care. Yet when we got home, I was told that I had, in fact, been talking too slowly. Lack of oxygen had made me think that I was talking too fast."

Laurence Gilliam, head of B.B.C. Features, says: "Nobody has a greater gift of the gab than Wynford. He must have been born with a silver microphone by his mouth. If there's a really tricky assignment, he is the automatic choice. The result is that he is over-used."

Gilbert Harding, who used to be a commentator himself, attributes Vaughan Thomas's pre-eminence to his nationality. "Wynford has precisely the same qualities and drawbacks as the Welsh national character," says Harding. "He is ebullient, clever, effervescent, cheerful, gregarious, effluent and melodious; but, at the same time, he is sly, unreliable, and palpably insincere."

Vaughan Thomas agrees that this is fair enough, modestly adding: "Nobody in Wales ever thought I was much of a talker; they're all good at it there. In England you are usually suspect if you talk well."

Processions, Royal occasions and tours are his specialities, although he once covered a sporting event. That was a boxing match in his home town of Swansea, soon after he joined the B.B.C. He is fond of boxing and, while he was not particularly well up in the technicalities, thought that he would probably be able to do an adequate commentary.

But he found that a boxing commentator has to be a real expert at the game. He got flustered and wildly inaccurate. "The worst part of it was that the boxers could hear every word I was saying, and more than once they broke off fighting to have a hard look at me. At the end of the third round, one of them, Boyo Rees, turned towards me and said to his seconds in a loud voice: 'Ask him who's fighting who.'" The B.B.C. has never asked him to cover another sporting occasion since.

Mistakes are easy to make in the excitement of commentating. Vaughan Thomas has called a choir screen in Nieuwekerk, Amsterdam, a "fire screen"; and invited the wife of a man he was interviewing in the street to add a few words, only to be told—along with several million other listeners to the live microphone—"Shut up, she's the typist, and if my wife hears this broadcast there'll be the devil to pay."

Once, he was giving a commentary in Welsh on the crowning of the Bard at an Eisteddfod. The name of the winner is kept secret, and he did not know that a B.B.C. colleague, T. Rowland Hughes, had entered the competition. Vaughan Thomas was describing the scene, leading up to the climax when the winner received the crown and chain.

Up stood the new Bard. "Good God, it's old Rowland!" cried Vaughan Thomas, forgetting that he was on the air.

Evacuated Wounded Villagers

He was able to put his persuasive manner to practical use in India, during the massacres which took place after the withdrawal of the British in 1947. He and Louis MacNeice, the poet, arrived in a village near Lahore, to find that six hundred people had been killed the night before. The survivors, many of them maimed, were lying in the main street. British army trucks had arrived to take them to safety, but nobody was moving.

"They had had enough," says MacNeice. "They didn't trust the soldiers and had reached the stage of Oriental resignation at which they were prepared to wait there and die. The British officer took the view that if they did not want to be taken away in the trucks, he was not going to force them.

"Wynford lost his temper. He went up to an old woman whose arm had been severed and grasped her by her unwounded shoulder. Then he cajoled and bullied and dragged her to one of the trucks. Dazed, she climbed in, and Wynford returned to the others. In a mixture of Hindi, local dialect, English and Welsh, he

Microphone in hand, Vaughan Thomas rides up beside the newly-finished Festival skylon, in 1951

Back from his eight-day air trip round the world, Vaughan Thomas greets his wife, Lotte. They met first when, as a secretary, she dealt with his application for a job. He married her in 1946

Vaughan Thomas reports in a submarine. He gave up working on a trawler—the life was too hard

harangued them and talked them into rousing themselves. He and the soldiers got them all away. It was a magnificent performance."

Wynford talked his way through Oxford, finishing up with a B.A. degree, and no job. He joined the crew of a trawler, but found the life too tough, and applied for a post as a schoolteacher. The headmaster listened to his stories and opinions and told him: "I don't think you would be a good influence on the boys."

Later, he decided to try for a job as a social worker. Applications had to be in by first post one Tuesday morning in 1934. Being a procrastinating sort of person, he failed to write until the Thursday.

By a stroke of fortune which was to revolutionize Vaughan Thomas's life, the secretary of the Welsh Department of the National Council of Social Service had left his secretary, a slim, pretty girl called Lotte—short for Charlotte—Rowlands, in charge of the applications. She read his letter and, liking the sound of him, smuggled it in with the rest. He got the job and met the secretary, who liked him as much as his letter.

When she left two years later to join the B.B.C. Welsh Region, she recommended him for the job of outside broadcaster for Wales. She has been organizing his life ever since: they were married in 1946.

The war, which brought him from the obscurity of the Welsh Region to stardom, had a deep effect on his personality. "He witnessed such horrors in the front line and at Belsen that he came back with a fixed grin on his face to hide the terrible impression in his inner mind," says a B.B.C. colleague. "Before the war he had always been a gay sort of chap, but nowadays he has become the professional life and soul of the party."

All the wartime stories he tells are flippant. When he was training with the Guards, a tank ran away with him. "They let me drive it and I didn't know that it wasn't safe to open the throttle fully."

He was one of the few men to spend the whole four months of the Anzio campaign on the beachhead. Most soldiers were continually relieved and he had three different recording engineers. But he says that his only significant memory is of trying to record the nightingale in the front line and being foiled by German guns whenever he had the apparatus set up.

The Croix de Guerre he received from the French was, he claims, on his own citation. "I wrote and asked for it," he says, "but after they had agreed to give it to me, the French Government was changed and I got another letter saying that the new Minister failed to see what I had done to earn it. This annoyed me, so I sat down and wrote out a wonderful account of my own bravery. That seemed to satisfy them, but a further change of government brought another letter asking why I had been awarded the Croix de Guerre. So I wrote one more account of my gallantry and, after a long delay, the decoration finally arrived."

But his greatest treasures are the wines he was presented with after accompanying the French and American armies which liberated the wine areas. They are kept in the cellar of his Hampstead home, and every few months he checks them reverently with a cellar book.

Vintage Wine Used For Cooking

Recently, he found that a special bottle of 1924 Château Yquem, which he had carried for three days in his rucksack, was missing. A hurried check through the rest showed that an extra bottle of cooking wine was there. It was remembered that a cleaner, who also cooked for friends down the road, had been given permission to use the cheap cooking wine for a special dinner. She had taken the Château Yquem by mistake and used most of it for broiling some meat.

"Poor Wynford moped for a week," says Lotte. "He really does know about wine." In a broadcast, wine expert André Simon teasingly called him "Vineyard Vaughan Thomas" and the nickname has stuck with some of his friends.

He sees little of his wife and four-year-old son, David, because his work continually takes him around the world. His activities in the last twelve months included the Queen Mother's tour of Rhodesia and Nigeria; a quick trip to Madeira for a Holiday Hour programme; a climbing holiday in Scotland to relax after only three days at home; a fourteen-day lecture tour of the North and the Royal Tour of the Commonwealth.

Too Busy To Spend His Income

Since the Queen's return, he has been in Scotland, Wales, Germany, Holland and France. He has found time to write a book about the Royal Tour and to appear in two films.

All this brings him an income of about £5,000 a year, which he is too busy to spend. "I must be almost the only man in the B.B.C. with a favourable balance in the bank," he says.

His ambition is to keep travelling until he has broadcast from every country. It was his idea to go round the world in eight days by commercial airlines. "I managed it all right, but unfortunately I never had time to look at which country I was in, let alone appreciate it."

He admits to being out-talked only once in his life. That was on one of his rare stays at home. He was alone, and a Breton onion-seller came to the door. "I went intending to brush him off, but when he left I found that I had spent £2 on buying his entire stock.

"Lotte was annoyed, but I did not begrudge the money. Anyone who can talk as well as that deserves to succeed." THE END

A MODERN MADAM BUTTERFLY

Continued from page 23

eyes, as she took my hand, were frank and friendly.

"It is good of you to come, Captain," she said.

They bowed me on to a cushion. Mitziko poured some heavily scented green tea, and we sat in silence drinking it. Then she said: "In your letter, Captain, you said that you are friendly to my husband?"

"Yes," I said. "I know him. He asked me to see you and to bring you these gifts." I motioned to a group of packages which I had left on a stand by the door, and said insanely: "He gave me a message for you. It is that he is still trying to get permission to bring you to America."

She lowered her eyes over her teacup and smiled. Then she looked at me. Her eyes were smiling, too. "Thank you," she said.

The face of the old man sitting beside her remained unchanged. I was feeling acutely uncomfortable. The resentment that had begun to build up in me during my train ride out now flared openly in my mind. How could I have allowed myself to get involved in this? But the words were spoken, and the fragile girl sitting across from me, smiling her gratitude, had taken them as if they were a precious gift.

"How is his well-being?" she asked softly. "We do not hear so much from him today." She said it almost apologetically, as if she were intruding on his time, and on mine.

You're a no-good, Ryan, I thought. *And maybe I'm a bigger one.* But I was in it now, and I couldn't stop. "He's fine," I said. "Just fine. He wanted me to tell you that he thinks about you all the time. He . . . he's been away, in Europe. For our government. It was very secret, and his friends knew very little about it until he came back."

"He is a very important personage," Mitziko said.

Her father grunted, and muttered something in Japanese. She answered him softly in Japanese. Then she said to me: "You must excuse my papa-san. He has sometimes trouble adapting himself to the present day."

The old man looked at me. "A father has concern for her, his daughter, Captain. These things do not change, present day or not."

I FELT a flush of embarrassment travel up my neck. It was obvious that he didn't share his daughter's estimate of the importance of Larry Ryan, and my own little social lies were no gifts to him.

"Have you heard about our son?" Mitziko asked me.

"Indeed I have," I said. I avoided the old man's eyes. "Larry has told me about him. I'd like to meet him."

"You shall," the girl said. She rang a bell beside her, and almost immediately the rice-paper wall panel slid back and a boy of about six came in with his nurse. The nurse bowed low and left the room.

If I hadn't known about this boy, I don't think I would have recognized anything Occidental in him . . . except for his height and his clothes. He was taller than most Japanese boys, and he was wearing a sports shirt and short trousers. But his eyes and hair were deep black, and his skin was olive like his mother's. When he smiled, though, I began to see something of Larry Ryan in his face, an open, easy friendliness.

His mother introduced us and we shook hands.

"You know my papa?" he said.

I was a little surprised that he knew English, but I realized that Mitziko must have taught him. I was beginning to see how serious she was about keeping the ties strong that bound her family to North America.

"Yes," I said to the boy. "I know your papa. He gave me some presents to bring you." I went over to the stand and picked up the box containing the baseball glove I had bought that morning in Tokyo.

He started to unwrap it, then, remembering, he looked over at his mother. "Is O.K.?" he asked. Mitziko nodded, smiling.

"Oh, boy!" he said, holding the glove up. "You bring a ball, too?"

"No," I said. "I guess your papa thought you already had a ball."

"Well, I have," he said, "but not one from America."

"Not all things from America are better than those from Japan, Larry-san," Mitziko said. She smiled at me. "I'm afraid I have talked a great deal to him about America."

Her father grunted.

"My name is Larry," the boy said to me. "The same as my papa's. I guess you know that if you know my papa."

I nodded, and he said: "How about playing with me then?"

"Well," I said, "I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't today. I've got to get back into town."

"When *can* you, then?"

"Any time, Larry," I said. "I'll call you."

"We better decide now," Larry said. He looked anxiously at his mother. "Can we ask him for dinner?"

Mitziko must have been feeling as uncomfortable as I, but she handled it deftly. "Of course, Larry," she said. She looked at me. "Would Wednesday be convenient?"

So I had a second meeting with Larry Ryan's wife and son four days later. Again I took the train out to Osogo, and Larry and I played with a ball in his grandfather's formal gardens for half an hour before the sun went down. He was a fine kid, and I found myself thinking that any father would be glad of having him around.

GRANDFATHER NOSO seemed to unbend a little more this time. We talked about currency problems while Mitziko got Larry ready for bed, and he took an amused interest in my atempts to use chopsticks during the lavish multi-course meal his servants had prepared.

I could understand why his acceptance of me could only be grudging and slow. When he looked at me, he saw the face of another American, the man who had despoiled his home. And in a very important sense he was right. I could see that face myself, staring at me from a corner of my mind every time I looked at Mitziko and saw her loveliness.

I had begun to resent Ryan's constant presence among us. I wanted this family to accept me as something other than a shadow cast by Larry Ryan. I wished desperately that I had come to them without the encumbrances which he had burdened me with.

Perhaps it was too late for that, I thought, but at least I could make a try. So, as I prepared to leave, I said to Mr. Noso: "I should like to take your daughter and grandson motoring next Sunday, with your permission."

His eyes became suddenly veiled. What friendliness I had been able to solicit from him now had retreated.

"That is most kind of you," he said, without expression. "It is a matter for my daughter to decide. I have no voice in her affairs . . . when they concern Americans."

Mitziko put a hand on his arm and spoke softly to him in Japanese. Then she turned to me and said: "We would like that very much." She added: "Larry likes you. And it is good for him to be with his father's people."

The rest of the week passed uncommonly slowly for me. Wanting to see Mitziko again came to be like a hunger with me. I had never been in love before, but I thought it was happening to me now.

EARLY on the Sunday afternoon, I hired a car and drove out to Osogo. It was a bright, warm day. The chill and gloom of the past week had gone.

Mitziko and Larry were waiting for me in the small front patio. Larry had his baseball glove on. He was tossing a ball up in the air and catching it.

"You're ten minutes late," he said. "I've got a watch and I know."

"Larry!" Mitziko protested. "Is not polite."

"As a matter of fact, he's right," I said. "I'd have been here sooner, but I had a spot of trouble with the car. It's all right, though," I added hurriedly as I saw a look of disappointment come to Larry's face. "It will take us where we're going, although maybe not as fast as you'd like."

"I think I can drive this car," Larry said, "if you would teach me."

"Well, maybe some other car some day," I said. "I don't think this would be a very good one to start on."

"Is there something at fault with the engine?" he asked. "I'm very good at engines."

"We'll see how it works now," I told him. "Pile in."

He got in the back seat. Mitziko got up in front with me. She had on Western clothes today, a flannel skirt, and a cardigan sweater over a silk blouse. She didn't seem as small, somehow, as she had before. The clothes looked good on her, though. She wore them better than most Japanese women did.

We drove to a lake about thirty miles from Osogo, and spread a blanket under a great oak tree and sat and watched the canoers drift past. Other people were sitting on the banks, too, most of them Japanese family parties, but there were also some American soldiers with Japanese girls.

Mitziko watched these couples dreamily. "Sometimes Larry and I came here," she said.

So here he was again, with us before the day had gone. . . .

Under a tree a couple of hundred yards away from us, a group of Japanese boys were playing wrestling games. Larry watched them silently for a while. Then, slowly, tossing his ball up in the air and catching it, he walked over to where they were. They didn't pay any attention to him. Then he started throwing the glove in the air, and still he attracted no interest. So he walked off slowly by himself to the lake.

"My father says I do not do a good thing with Larry," Mitziko said. "And perhaps he is right. He should be going to school this year, but I have taught him myself. He does not know so much of my people. He does not play much with other children. But I do not

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

WHEN Mr. Wembley sold his house and bought a small cottage in the country, he sold most of his furniture, too, except for a few pieces worth about £100.

To move these pieces to the country, he employed Jack Tare, a carrier who advertised on a small notice board nearby. Tare collected the load and set off—but he never delivered it to Wembley's new home.

Instead, Tare took the furniture to John Lot, an auctioneer in the next town. Lot had no knowledge of Tare's fraud, and innocently sold the furniture. After deducting his commission, he gave Tare the proceeds—£50. Tare departed and was not seen again.

Some time later, Wembley discovered one of his chairs in the window of a second-hand furniture shop; through the proprietor, he tracked down the auctioneer.

Lot could give few details about the sale. "It's bad luck on you," he told Wembley. "I sold the furniture in good faith, and it's too late to do anything about it now."

Wembley then sued Lot for the value of the goods.

"I knew nothing of the fraud," Lot told the judge indignantly. "I am an honest auctioneer, and I dealt with Tare in the usual way of business. The furniture passed through my hands as an agent. How can I be liable in those circumstances?"

"It may be hard on Lot," replied Wembley, "but he actually disposed of goods that did not belong to Tare. Tare had no right to the furniture—therefore Lot had no right to sell it. He should have investigated Tare's position more carefully."

"That's most unfair," protested Lot. "An auctioneer is not a mind reader. I am not guilty of dishonest dealing, so why should I have to pay Wembley the value of his pieces of furniture?"

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

Oh, so easy! Oh, so lovely! Oh, so grand!

Apricot Rice Meringue

It looks like the last word in complicated cooking, and it tastes as grand as it looks. Yet you make it simply with a one, two, three! One, a layer of juicy fruit; two, a layer of creamy rice; three, a layer of brittle sugar meringue. Three tiers that win three rousing cheers when Apricot Rice Meringue appears. Yes dears, you can believe your ears: this is the sort of sweet that needs a poem to describe it!

ONE, TWO, THREE

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Place fruit in bottom of fireproof dish reserving 4 or 6 of the best apricots for decoration. Mix Nestlé's Milk with fresh milk to thickness of cream, add egg yolk and rice and pour over fruit. Whisk white of egg and add sugar, whisk lightly and pile on top of rice. Bake in slow moderate oven, Mark 2, until set. Decorate with the apricots, cup side up, with a cherry in each. Add leaves of angelica.

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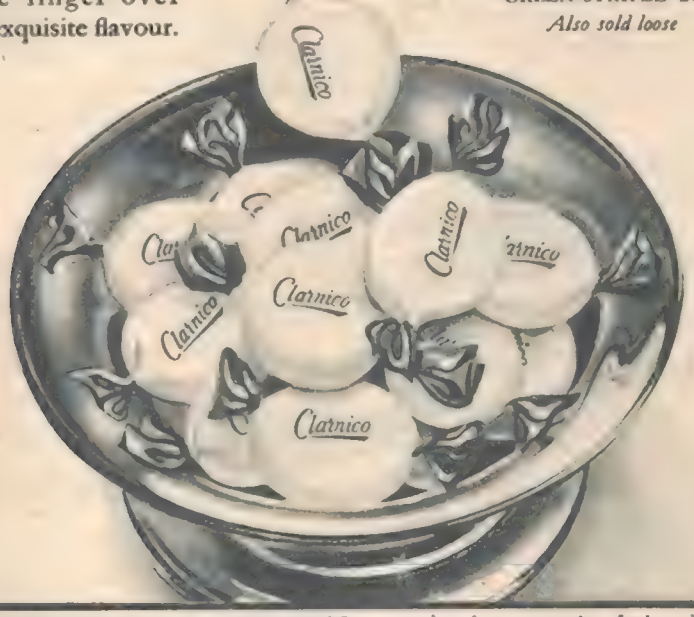

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mind this because one day he will go to America, where he must be like an American."

She looked out to where little Larry was stirring the edge of the water with a stick. "It gets difficult to know what is best," she said. "I want his father to like him."

"He will," I said.

She was silent for a few moments, then she said: "Yes, I think he will. They are alike in many ways." She smiled. "They both like funny things."

"Funny things?"

"You know, things that are fun. Larry, my husband, laughed very much. He always wanted people to be happy."

"Yes," I said, "he does that."

"I keep not remembering that you know him," she said. "Probably better than I do." She was looking out at the boy again. "Maybe he will not send for us. I do not know. My father says no. But I must believe that he will. He brought something new to my life and I cannot forget it. I must keep us ready for him."

I lay down on my back and stared up at the branches of the tree above us.

"It's been a long time, Mitziko," I said. "Could you love anyone else?"

"I do not allow myself," she said. She was looking out at the water, and her voice sounded far way.

Silence lay heavily between us, and then finally she looked in my eyes and said: "You are kind, Gus."

I sat up and put my hand out to reach her, but she said: "Maybe we go back now, Gus. I think it is time."

So we drove back to Osogo, and as I stopped in front of their house, Larry said: "You coming in?" He reached over and took hold of me by the pocket flap, as if he had decided to answer that question himself.

I looked at Mitziko. "Please do," she said.

Grandfather Noso was sitting in his garden. Mitziko suggested that I join him there while she prepared Larry's dinner.

The old man nodded solemnly as I came out. "You had a good day for your drive, Captain," he said.

"It was great," I said. "I think Mitziko and Larry had a good time."

"Surely they did," he said.

"Mr. Noso," I said, "I wish you wouldn't hold it against me because I happen to be a friend of your daughter's husband."

As soon as I had said it I was sorry, for I could see that it offended his sense of propriety. But, after a pause, he took it up.

"You are most considerate," he said. And then, still looking at me, he said quietly: "You can do us a great service. Why do you not tell my daughter the truth?"

"The truth?" I asked weakly.

"Tell her the man she waits for does not consider himself her husband, and will not return to her."

I met his gaze for as long as I could, and then I turned my head away. "I can't," I said. "I haven't the right."

"The right?" he asked softly. "Have you not the right to help her?"

"But it would be so, so. . . ." I was floundering before his calm, watchful gaze, and I finished helplessly, "So cruel."

"Ah, yes . . . cruel," he said softly. "You Americans are so careful to avoid the appearance of cruelty." With a stick, he began sketching Japanese characters in the sand of his garden floor. "Consider your friend, Captain, the man my daughter calls her husband. He knows that he will not see my daughter again, and yet he is silent to her about this. Perhaps he has not the courage to tell her, but more likely it is that he wishes not to be cruel. So he dooms her to a lifetime of waiting, and his son to a lifetime of unhappiness."

"Do you believe that?" I asked.

"Do you not?" he said.

"But little Larry. . . ." I started.

The old man waited for me to go on, but I could not, so he said kindly: "The boy will be unhappy, Captain. He knows little of his mother's people, and they are the people he must live among. He has been withheld from our people, but he could find happiness here, if he were allowed to."

The shadows across the garden were lengthening now, as the old man spoke on: "He has been taught to seek his father among a culture that will never claim him. You have seen that, Captain."

I did not answer.

"Surely you have seen how great is his attachment to you already. You are the vision of his father. And after you there will be others, strangers, and always unhappiness in the end. Until his own father has the courage, or the *cruelty*"—he smiled faintly—"to turn him back to his own people."

Another long silence separated us, and finally I said: "There is, though, another reason why I can't speak to your daughter, Mr. Noso. She would never believe the truth if it came from me."

The old man sighed. "Perhaps you are right," he said. "You Americans are proud of your knowledge of women."

I thought there was a sharp edge of bitterness in his voice, and I turned questioningly, but his face was composed and without expression.

LARRY raced out of the house towards us at that moment, and I had to leave the old man's opaque statement for later. Larry ran up to me and grabbed my arm.

"I don't want you to go away," he said insistently, as if confirming precisely what the old man had told me.

"That's all right, young fellow," I said. "I'll be back again soon."

"No, you won't come back. You will go away to San Francisco," Larry said, and suddenly he was on the edge of crying. It was very painful, but so perfect; in the child's accusation was the story of my mission, and I knew the old man was reading it there.

I put my arm around the boy's waist and he let me draw him over towards me, still gazing at me darkly with big damp eyes. "Sure I will, Larry; I'll come back real soon," I said. "Next week."

He looked at me searchingly for a moment, and then suddenly he smiled. "All right, soon, next week—and you will give me a driving lesson." He bowed to his grandfather and disappeared into the house.

I left shortly after. Mitziko walked with me to my car. The moon had risen now, a large Oriental moon that threw distorted shadows on the sandy-floored patio.

"You have been kind to us today, Gus," Mitziko said. She put her hand on my arm.

And suddenly I couldn't make any conversation with her either. I could only look at her and see her as another man had seen her, years . . . a lifetime . . . before. I could feel my arms ache to hold her as another man had held her.

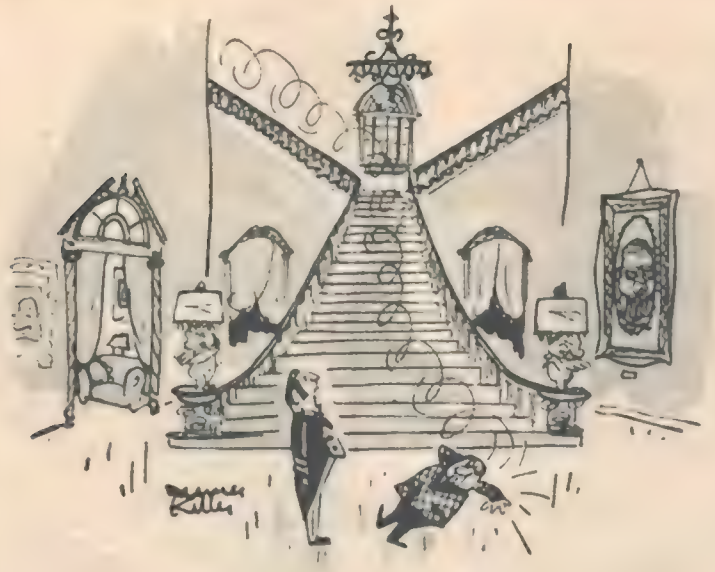
I reached down quickly and brushed my lips along her cheek. "Goodbye, gentle woman," I said, and climbed into the car.

The road was deserted and I drove very fast, but the urge to race away from the truth I had recognized between me and Mitziko, to outrace my thoughts, wasn't relieved. *Oh, Ryan,* I thought, *why did you have to come along with your musical-comedy charm and foul up the beauty you found here? Couldn't you find a party to give?*

I crouched over the steering-wheel

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said that Lot, the auctioneer, had exercised a power of disposition by assuming control over the furniture and delivering it to various purchasers. The furniture was not Tare's, and Lot's innocence in auctioning it was irrelevant. Although it was hard on Lot, he was liable to Wembley, and had to pay Wembley's claim. (*This is the probable verdict based on actual cases.*)



"You groaned, sir?"

like a racing driver, and sped on, trying not to invent any answer for my desire. Ryan had invented answers, and look what that had done.

A rough stretch of road forced me to slow down, and all at once I heard a little human noise behind me from the rear seat. Instantaneously, even before I turned back, it came to me what had happened, for it was the night sigh of a sleeping child.

I braked the car to stop and find out, but I already knew it was little Larry, that he had crept out of his bed to go and sit in the car back at the Nosos' house, and had fallen asleep there on the back seat.

I pulled in to the side of the road, and parked, and looked over the back of the seat. That was it. Curled up in a corner, very small, he sighed again in his sleep and mumbled something in Japanese. He must have dressed in the dark, because he had his shirt on backwards. The baseball glove was on the seat beside him. He was a touchingly innocent sight.

I sat and let the truth catch up with me. Here was a situation I had been running away from at seventy miles an hour. But the situation had come along with me in the back seat, and it always would. It wasn't just Larry Ryan's problem and guilt, it was mine, too.

You are so careful to avoid the appearance of cruelty, old Mr. Noso had said. I was beginning to think he was right.

Larry coughed, an awakening cough. I looked back and saw him sit up and rub his eyes in some astonishment before he remembered, and he stood up against the back of my seat and grinned at me from very short range.

"We stop," he said. "Are we there?"

FOR a moment I just looked at him, doing my best to smile back. "Don't be angry," he said, "don't be angry at me, Gus-san. I am going along with you to the army and San Francisco, and find my papa."

"But, Larry"—reaching over the seat, I put my arm around his shoulder —"your father. . . ." *Your father only wants to see a snapshot of you,* I finished the sentence silently; *he doesn't think you would fit in his apartment, go with the furniture or the view. . . .*

"Yes?" he said.

But I couldn't go on. I started the engine, turned the car round and headed back to Osogo.

"Oh, Gus," Larry said, disappointed, "we are going back."

I slowed down a block away from the house, and parked the car and got out, to walk up that silent and somehow tragic path with Larry trotting behind me. In the stark moonlight there was something Aztec about the house and its grounds; something great had once existed here, but now its time was past.

But there was a light in the living-room, and a minute after I rapped, Mitziko's voice came, unsurprised, in English: "Yes. A minute, please. I will be there."

The *shoji* slid back, and it was as if Mitziko, standing there mildly in the brocaded gown, her hair still precisely dressed, her loveliness at a moonlight pitch, had been waiting for me to return. Or for someone. She was beautiful and sad, with all the fatal, passive acceptance of her race in her expression.

But when she saw us, astonishment, a gasp, and then a degree of added sadness came into her face.

"Gus. . . . Larry! Why are you not in bed?"

"He's okay," I said quickly, before anything else should rise to the surface of her mind. "He climbed in the car and fell asleep, that's all. A very healthy sleeper. Where's his bed?"

HER eyes widened, but she took Larry's hand and turned and gestured for me to follow her. I walked down the corridor behind her with my shoes on—a small voice told me to step out of them, but I silenced the thought. I wanted to be as Western as possible right now, even if it meant scattering mud on those exquisite floors. I needed defences.

Silently, in the semi-darkness of Larry's room, she undressed the repentant child, who was very anxious to please by now, and put him back in his bed. Then, as we stepped out into the hall, he looked up from bed and said, worriedly: "Gus-san, you are not angry?"

I stepped back and leaned over to hide my face in the bedclothes on his chest and tell him thickly, no, I wasn't angry, and to gather resolution there.

In the living-room we sat down on cushions on the floor, cross-legged, facing each other, and as we sat there silent for a moment, I knew it was now or never.

"Mitziko," I said, "I want to tell you something I should have told you the first day we met, but which I was too soft to say."

"Yes." She looked down at the space between our cushions.

"Your husband, and my friend, Larry Ryan, is dead. The father of Larry is gone, for ever." It did not seem too like a lie to me, then.

There was a silence, during which I watched her face carefully, but to no avail. Then she raised her eyes, which were wet, but not with self-pity.

"Thank you," she said simply. "I knew when you came here there was something troubling you. Thank you, Gus-s-s, but thank you." Then she sobbed, and the sound was so small it was especially piteous, like the tiny squeak of a mouse seized by a merciless

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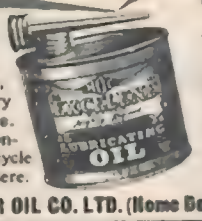

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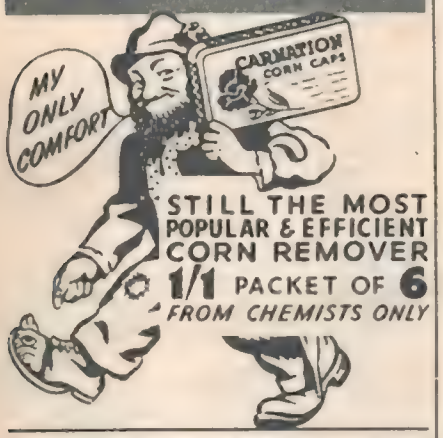

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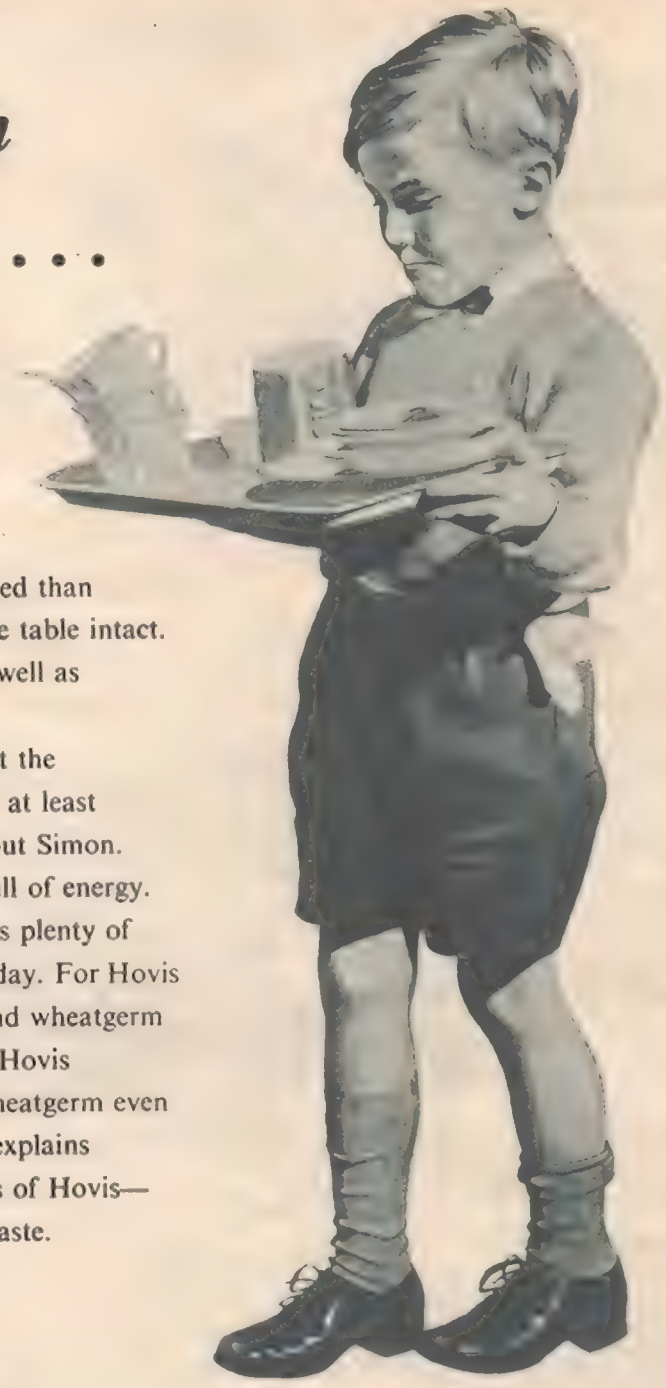

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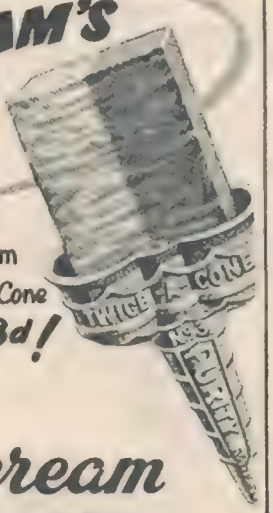

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owl in the darkness, lost; but also like a sea noise, far away, unsharable.

I couldn't abide it, sitting there on the floor, any more, so I got up and lunged towards the wall, the wall which held the doorway. I turned to walk back, and Mitziko was sitting there still, watching me luminously, and her grief, which had formed so rapidly into such perfection, was over for now. She was looking up at me with patient curiosity, and the lie became more difficult.

"He was sick for a long time," I said, and now I sounded more like a radio announcer than myself, "and would not send for you because he did not want you to be in our country without him. At the time he died, he asked me to come and tell you. I was with him."

She nodded almost imperceptibly and inhaled a little gasp. "I think I knew in the heart he was gone away. I think you were right to wait, Gus, until I was ready. Poor Larry Ryan," she said. Looking at her in that room, sitting unresistingly on the floor, in her loveliness and her strength, I mirrored her thought: *Poor Larry; poor foolish Larry*. And then, before I spoiled my lie, or negated it, I went away and left Mitziko alone.

I didn't get back to Tokyo until four in the morning. But I did not go to bed directly, for there was one more thing to be done before my intellect should take over from my instinct. I sat down and wrote to Larry Ryan, in San Francisco. I told him that Mitziko and their son were dead, the victims of an epidemic which had swept the island.

There remained only one more thing to be done. I went up to see the adjutant next morning and requested a transfer to Korea. He was surprised, but thought it could be arranged within ten days. Then, in the safety of my predetermined future, I wrote Mitziko a note that I would come and see them the next weekend.

I SAW Mitziko only that once again before I left for Korea. I drove out early the next Friday morning. I was to leave on Saturday.

The servant motioned to me that Mitziko was in her father's garden. I walked out alone and stood on the patio, silently watching her cut the blossoms from a forsythia bush. She was in kimono again; I had never seen her look more beautiful.

For an isolated moment, as her graceful body poised beside the flower bush, the shining spring world stood still for me, and there was nothing on earth but the sounds and sights and fragrance of this garden . . . and the princess inside it, a lovely untouchable figure from Japan's splendid past.

I whistled long and low. At this late hour, I had to dispel these illusions quickly as they came up, for I had little strength against them.

Mitziko turned at the sound, and she came over to me, smiling, her hands outstretched to take mine.

"Such an American noise," she said.

"It's our national tongue," I told her.

"I always think if I should go to America, I would hear whistles up and down all the streets."

"You would, little girl," I said. "You would."

We stood in silence, our fingers locked, looking at each other across the great chasm of our histories.

I told her I must leave soon. "Where is Larry?" I asked.

"He is in school." She smiled quickly. "He has much to learn now. He has lost much. We must help him find it." In her eyes there was the ache of her own loss, but it was mastered. Mitziko was thinking now of her son, and no longer of her son's father, her eyes said.

Mr. Noso met me at the patio, where my car was parked.

"I should like to bid you *sayonara*, Captain," he said. "That is our word for farewell. We are honoured to have known you." He shook my hand warmly. "I wished also to tell you that what I admire most about Americans is your courage." His eyes were deep and enigmatic as always, but there was the faintest of smiles playing on his lips. *So you know*, I thought.

"*Sayonara*, Mr. Noso," I said.

He released my hand, bowed deeply, and went into the house.

I turned to Mitziko. "Mitziko," I said, "*sayonara?*"

"No, Gus," she said. "Let us say it your way. Goodbye." She reached up and touched my face with her lips.

"Will you think of us, Gus?" she whispered.

"Always," I breathed into her hair. "Always and for ever."

I went to Korea two days later, and had no chance to return to Osogo, because eventually the army flew me directly back to the U.S.—right from Pusan, back to San Francisco.

MY welcoming-home party in Larry Ryan's apartment was at its peak when I left the crowd admiring Larry's graceful piano playing, threaded my way among his handsome, vivacious guests, and went out on to the empty roof terrace by myself to lean on the rail over San Francisco. It was less desolate outside.

I watched, in the night sky above, another airliner's red and green wing lights blinking as it hummed steadily off towards Japan, much like the one I had seen from this terrace two years before, but this time it was like a friend going off and leaving me.

The plane's lights disappeared silently off to the west and I glanced around into the bright, crowded apartment. Now Larry Ryan was standing near the apartment door, with an empty glass in his hand, smiling, joking, charming, trying disarmingly to cajole a man and woman not to leave his party yet.

Larry turned back to his other guests with a carefully comical expression of dismay, and I knew he was facing the task of stemming this tide from washing on to someone else's party. It was then that it came to me that I needn't take the responsibility for inventing Larry's death. For Larry had, somewhere along in the first forty years of his life, destroyed himself. I watched him signal his houseman to make another drink, and walk quickly back to the piano.

I walked in and stood beside him and gestured for a drink for myself. I had to make a silent toast to the other two who were dead to me for ever—and to myself. For a part of me, too, was dead—dead and buried half a world away.

The blonde of the earlier evening came up and squeezed in beside me.

"Hallo, there," she said. "I lost you somewhere."

I smiled at her. "I was lost long ago, lady," I said. "But the story would bore you." THE END

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A THING TO LOVE

Continued from page 10

a man who said he knew you slightly, Daddy—a big, ginger-haired man who looked rather like a rugger player. His name was Gibson—Sam Gibson, I think."

"Don't remember the fellow," the colonel said.

Mamie was better informed.

"I shouldn't think he'd be at all your cup of tea, Pat," she said. "He hasn't got a very good reputation."

"He seemed to mean well."

"Very likely. *Too* well, I dare say. He's got a wife in Nairobi, I believe, but he left her—just got bored and walked out on her, I was told, *and* a small boy. And since then——"

"There was a Kikuyu teacher on the plane," Pat went on. "Like me, he'd been to a conference."

"Conference my foot!" exclaimed the colonel. "He'd been to get instructions from the Communists. Why don't they stop these fellows going out of the country? The whole reserve is getting out of hand and the amount of stealing that's going on is scandalous. You can't trust anyone these days."

"Not even Karioki, for instance?"

COLONEL FOXLEY paused. "Karioki's all right," he said. "After all, he's been with us nearly twenty years. It's the younger generation that's the trouble."

"I know," Pat agreed. "That's why we try to do something about it. Those who really do become active Christians don't often steal and lie—not nearly so much, anyway. You must give us that."

"It's a very small minority."

"Of course. It always is."

A step sounded on the veranda, and Piet Hendriks walked in. He was a tall young man, with sandy hair brushed back off a high forehead, and a bony, uncompromising sort of face. He had a two-roomed house and lived, in Mamie's opinion, no better than a native, and on atrocious food. His father was dead and his mother had re-married; he himself had been born in the colony.

"Well, Pat, you didn't stay long overseas. I thought you might find it so attractive you'd forget all about us here."

"I didn't go on holiday. How's the farm?"

"The borehole's working—thanks to the Land Bank. It's going to make all the difference. Sheep-stealing's the main problem nowadays."

"Just what I was saying," Colonel Foxley remarked.

"I had a queer thing happen this week," Piet added. "I lost two calves. Couldn't see how they could have eaten anything poisonous, so I opened them up and do you know what I found? Bits of very fine broken glass in their stomachs. The wretched little devils had been deliberately destroyed."

Pat and her mother were appalled. It seemed incredible that a person in charge of anything so defenceless as a calf should use it as an instrument of spite.

"The herdboy's been with me since I started," Piet went on, "and he's just as keen as I am on the place. And he prepares all the food. He's got a son at school in the reserve who's been on holiday, and the boy's the only living soul I can think of that *could* have done it."

"But why?" Mamie asked. "You've never done him any injury, have you?"

"Never even spanked his bottom, which he deserves," Piet answered. "He's a cheeky little devil, but that's his father's worry, not mine. And his father *is* worried, too. He doesn't like the way the kids are brought up nowadays. They used to respect the elders, but now they're taught to despise them because they can't read and write. And they play a rotten, pointless, cruel trick like this. At least, I think they do. I've no proof."

"Let's talk of something more cheerful," Mamie said. She was tired of the topic, and men always exaggerated; the younger generation had always been like that; they went through a phase. Even Pat had been impossible at one time.

At one time, too, she'd been nervous about Piet. He'd followed Pat round, gone riding with her, taken her out shooting, invited her to tea in his primitive bungalow. She'd been about sixteen then, impressionable, and in the holidays Piet had been almost her only companion. But as it turned out, Mamie needn't have worried. And now she almost wished that she had cause!

As for Piet, he did his best, but he was ill at ease. Whenever Pat came home, it was the same thing. He was eager to see her, and yet he dreaded it, and when he came home at night to his little thatched house, its mud walls hung with skins or blankets, and zebra skins on the cement floor, he felt forlorn and hopeless, and cursed himself for a fool. He knew that he was no good to Pat, that she didn't care for him and never would, and yet he'd been unable to quench once and for all the spark of hope inside him.

At one time he'd resolved that, as Pat wouldn't love him, he'd never marry, but would live the hard life of the dedicated farmer with beasts and black men for his only companions. If celibacy became intolerable, there were plenty of native women to be had. But now a change was coming over his life. Sometimes he went over to the hotel at the nearest township for a taste of company, and there he'd met the new housekeeper.

She must have been well over thirty, rather sloppy, growing stout and too fond of smoking. But she was kind-hearted, a good worker, easy company and, regarded strictly as a business proposition, Piet supposed that she would make a reasonable wife. If she wasn't what he'd hoped for, well, it was no use crying for the moon.

And so, while he'd looked forward to this evening at the Foxleys, it was, nevertheless, painful to him, and soon after nine o'clock he rose to go.

Pat went out to see him to his car. "I wanted to thank you for being so good to Daddy," she said. "It means a lot to him to have some help."

"It's nothing, Pat. Your father helped me a lot when I was starting, more than I can help him now."

"Still, you've got plenty to do on your own place without ours as well . . . you're pretty well established now, aren't you, Piet?"

He tapped his head. "I've not paid off the Land Bank yet. But things are looking up a bit. I've just bought a Boran bull. Will you come up to see him, Pat?"

"I'd like to."

They stood in silence in the moonlight, while Piet cursed himself for a wooden-tongued, backveld fool. If he wasn't such a slow-witted, tongue-tied idiot, he thought bitterly, he'd speak out now. However indifferent she might seem, she was a woman, and there must come a time when any woman was glad to know she had a man at her command. If he'd been a slick Englishman, he thought, more bitterly still, with a tongue that ran on oiled bearings, and that unearned, inborn self-confidence, he wouldn't have been standing here like a dumb old trek-ox waiting to be in-spanned.

PAT was unconscious of all this turmoil. "Well, good night, Piet," she said at last. "I'll come over soon to admire the bull."

"Yes, do," Piet said flatly. "You'll like him." He was tingling all over, his throat was as dry as the veld in March. And he could think of nothing better than to blurt out:

"Pat, have I no chance at all?"

She was appalled at the depth of feeling which lay behind this lost cry, and at her own insensibility. What could she say? But he saw her answer in an involuntary movement of withdrawal, and turned away to wrench open the door of his car.

Pat went back to the house. Her father was twiddling the wireless knobs, amid a great deal of squeaking and crackling.

"Sounds like a storm," he said. "Piet gone? If I were him, I'd think

twice about that herdboy of his."

"I heard the other day that the new housekeeper at the Walton Arms is setting her cap at him," Mamie remarked. "She must be years older than he is, and no better than she should be at that. I hope it's not true."

"Good night, Mother," Pat said. "I'm going to bed."

SAM GIBSON didn't know why Eileen never wanted to see him at her house, but there it was; she insisted that their rare meetings take place in some public restaurant or hotel. It could scarcely be, he thought, that she expected him to spring upon her in a frenzy of desire—the shadow of their past love was too thin for that. Yet, perhaps, in her little mind that was just what she did fear or hope. Her conceit was equal to just such a fancy.

So they sat at lunch in a crowded restaurant to discuss Dick, the sole reason for this encounter that they both dreaded.

"He's getting on at school very nicely," Eileen said. "Miss Rutgers is ever so pleased with him."

"I'm the boy's father and I'm paying for his education, and I say he ought to go home." Sam was repeating himself and getting nowhere, and the knowledge made him hard and sullen.

"Then you'd better go and say it to the lawyer. I've got the custody. Dick's well and happy, and if you can upset *that* then you go and do it."

Sam leaned back in his chair and looked round the room, trying to keep his temper. He saw a couple at the next table looking at Eileen. People often looked at her. Once it had made him proud and now it made him bitter. More often than not, he supposed, things of beauty—birds of paradise, tropical fish, parakeets—had small minds and most unpleasant habits; there was no reason to feel surprised or cheated.

He looked at Eileen. She was lovely, there was no doubt, with her golden hair, her fresh, flawless skin, her big eyes and well-shaped, slightly pouting mouth. What riled Sam was not that he'd been cheated by her beauty, but that he'd deceived himself into seeing her vulgarities as charming little foibles—in other words, he'd made a fool of himself.

Still, there it was; he was rid of her now; but there, too, was Dick, and if he had one obligation to the child it was to save Dick's mind from the debasement it would suffer under his mother's tutelage.

"Well, don't let's quarrel," he said. "If you won't agree you won't, and that's that. You know I can't take Dick away from you. Only I think we've both got to put the boy's future first and try to do what's best for him. And there's the question of the holidays, too. You don't really think it much of a life for a boy to be stuck all day in a little box of a place outside this dorp while you're away at work?"

"He never is! I make arrangements."

"I want him on the farm next holidays."

"He's going with some school pals to the coast."

"Eileen, for heaven's sake, be reasonable! You're going beyond your legal rights."

"Well, how do I know what's going to happen to him up there? A man can't look after a boy that age by himself."

"Like you, I shall make arrangements."

"Arrangements! I can guess what sort of arrangements they'll be. Thank you, I won't have Dickie exposed to the sort of influences he'd come under there, with your fancy woman of the moment in charge."

"You've absolutely no right to say that!"

She sat back with a small triumphant smile. "*You've* got a right to carry on just as you like," she said, "but *I've* no right to mention it, because that isn't done."

"We'd better talk of something else."

A large, black waiter, who looked more suited to prize-fighting than to handing vegetables, picked up the menu and held it under Sam's nose. But it was no good, they had killed their appetites, and conversation was like trying to pick their way across a minefield. Eileen repaired her face with a compact as big as a soup plate, and rose to go.

"I've got the custody," she repeated, and walked out, her hips eloquent of spite and anger.

THE Council of Nine, of which Gitau was an active member, met in a small, stuffy room in the back premises of a shop in the Asian quarter of Nairobi, furnished with a shabby couch and a number of stiff, upright chairs. The curtains were drawn, for it was after nightfall; the window was tightly shut. Already the air was thick with cigarette smoke and spent breath.

The head of the conspiracy was referred to by a word for which the nearest translations would be "the tongue of the elders," or "the Spokesman."

When Gitau entered the room where the meetings were held, he saw at once that the Spokesman had not yet arrived. One of his colleagues, a taxi-driver, who wore a peaked cap on the back of his head, and was nicknamed Banduki (the gun) from his army days, looked up from the chair on which he was lounging, and said in Kikuyu: "So, Gitau, you have returned to us from England, like a man who has eaten food with his enemy in the disguise of a harmless traveller. Our ears are open like the beaks of hungry fledgelings, but you must not tell us what has happened

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until the Spokesman comes, or he will run his eyes through us like swords."

At that moment a very important man came in, shook hands with Gitau and greeted the other people present. The newcomer poured himself out half a tumbler of brandy, sat down on the couch and began to talk to Gitau.

He was a middle-aged, clean-shaven man, rather light in colour. His nose was narrow, his cheekbones high and something about his countenance gave him a faintly equine look. Next to the Spokesman, he was perhaps the most important member of the Council of Nine, for he was a famous politician and a member of a great many councils and committees. His picture was often in the newspapers and his name—George Rutinu—was familiar to everyone in the colony.

"My days are as full of meetings as a chicken is of fleas," he remarked. "The Europeans say that we are slow, but they are like chameleons. They walk like this"—he imitated the stiff gait with his arms, very slowly—"but when they want to eat something their tongue flies out like that"—he snapped his fingers—"and the insect has disappeared for ever!"

Everyone laughed at this, but Gitau intervened sternly, "Let us stop talking about chameleons and start thinking about our business, which is important."

George Rutinu quickly agreed. Sometimes, his imagination quailed before the magnitude of the task and he wished that he had not set his hand to it. These others, he thought, looking round at them, didn't realize what they were doing. They hadn't spent four years in England, as he had, gaining a degree in economics and philosophy: they had no understanding of the forces they had challenged.

His blood cooled as he thought of the Victory Day parade in London, the British Museum and all its books and the Shakespeare festival at Stratford on Avon, and the Savoy Hotel, the aircraft works he had seen near Bristol, the coal mines, the miles and miles of suburban houses, the Pool of London and its welter of ships, the tide of well-dressed men and women flowing day and night through Lyons Corner House, and many other things.

How could all this be met and overcome? Wasn't it crazy, stupid, ridiculous? He got up and helped himself to more brandy, hoping that the glow in his stomach would set off again the fire in his veins.

ONLY two things were able, nowadays, to quench the doubts that troubled him. One was brandy, the other the presence of the Spokesman, whose personality was so strong, whose mind so keen and subtle, that he dispelled doubts as the sun dispels the drops of dew that glisten on grass blades in the early morning. Certainly when the Spokesman came, all things would again seem possible.

Another man arrived. His name was Josiah Kimani. He took the bottle from George Rutinu's hand, poured himself a good half-tumbler and gave a toast in European fashion, raising his glass and saying: "To victory and freedom!"

George drank, and said: "What about your father, Josiah? Is he determined not to help his own people?"

"He does not wish to give up his staff and his hat with a badge on it."

"Doesn't he know that we don't want him to do that?"

Josiah shrugged his shoulders rather gloomily. His father was a big chief in the Tetu district: a government man. A strong chief, who had no special love for Europeans, but took their money and did their work all the same. He enjoyed the power and wealth which chiefs accumulated and he ruled his district strictly, and so was distrusted by the young men, who did not in the least wish to dig terraces and make cattle-dips. That was women's work; and, in any case, it ought not to be done at all, for the young men had heard people like Josiah and Gitau, who were highly educated, say that it was all a trick to prepare for the seizure of the land by the Europeans.

So they resisted Chief Kimani, when they dared, and much preferred to follow Josiah, who, like George Rutinu, had been to England and the university. A great many people, in fact, thought that the time had come for Kimani to disappear and let his place be taken by his son Josiah, who occupied an important political position in Nairobi, as treasurer to a body which existed to make known the African point of view.

Kimani, however, had many sons, and Josiah was by no means his favourite. The one he seemed to like best was Matthew, another who had been to England to finish his education. On his return, he had gone into government service—right into the heart of it, in fact, for he'd joined the Administration and become one of the first of the African District Officers, with a car to go about in and almost as much power as his father over people's lives.

Although he was supposed to be the equal of the European District Officers, he didn't get the same salary, but in spite of that he'd stayed on the side of the government, and remained a Christian. His brother Josiah had been educated as one, like everybody else, but he'd thrown it off as he grew more experienced; and, of course, you couldn't be a Christian and join the conspiracy at the same time. But Matthew had stayed a Christian and refused to join. This had deeply offended Josiah.

"It would be much better if your father remained a chief and also joined our movement," George added, "as many others have done."

"I have told him that," Josiah agreed, "and I have told him that it will be safer for him, if he wishes to continue to be a chief."

"That is good advice," said George. "I hope he will follow it. But he listens too much to my brother Matthew."

George felt a hand on his shoulder and someone said: "Who has been giving good advice? That is something George does very well, for he is on a great many advisory committees and gives advice to the Governor. And isn't it true that the Governor always takes it, George?"

With a shock, George found the Spokesman at his side, and the Spokesman's familiar voice—soft, persuasive and low—in his ear. He turned to face him with the feeling that he always had in the Spokesman's presence, one

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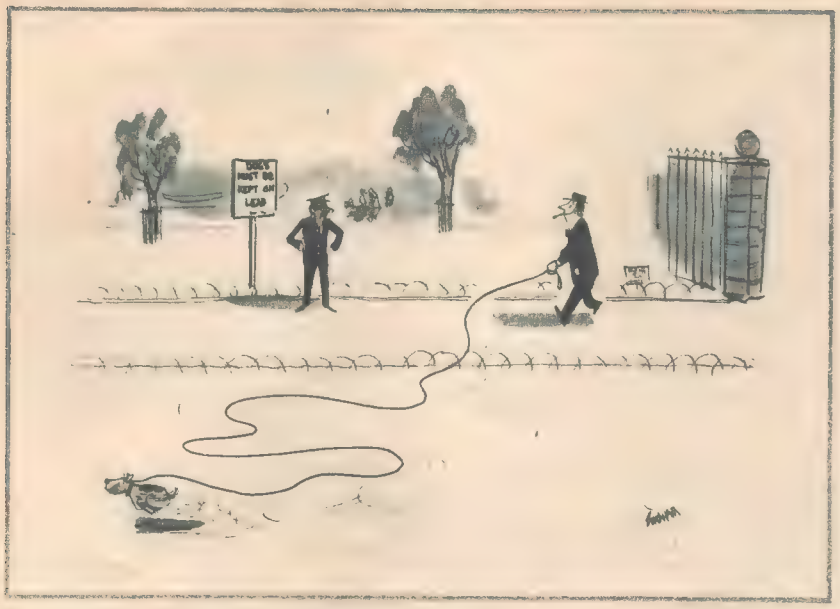


of weakness, of warmth. He knew that if the Spokesman told him to do this or that, he would do it without argument, even if the order was to kill his wife, or brand his son, or cut off his own hand.

The Spokesman was a man of about forty, with a clever, monkeyish face, and very bright, beady eyes. His tongue could be as quick and hard as his eyes, but also it could soften the heart as a fire will melt ghee.

When it was seen that the Spokesman had come, silence fell. He greeted each of them, took a chair and poured a glass of brandy. Now there were eight men in the room, and one woman. Her name was Njeri. She was a lean, middle-aged widow, dressed in a faded cotton frock and a cherry-coloured cardigan, and her head was wrapped in a bandana handkerchief. Her face was lined, dignified and masculine. She was a woman of influence, a relative of the Spokesman's. He it was who brought her to these meetings of the Council of Nine. She spoke but seldom, but when she did so her remarks were always practical and true, and so she came to be one of the most respected members.

The Spokesman opened the meeting, as his custom was, with prayer. Everyone stood and turned to face the north where the great mountain Kerinyagga lay, and prayed first to Ngai, the god who dwelt in its white peak, and then to Gikuyu and Mumbi, the joint founders of the tribe, whose nine daughters became the mothers of the nine clans; and then to all the ancestors who had followed after and returned their bodies to the red soil of Kerinyagga's foothills and joined their souls to that great community in which the dead, the living and the unborn were one.

He asked all these deities and spirits to bless their struggle to free land and people from the bonds of the invader and to restore the gods and shrines, the customs and the habits of the past; to help them overthrow any man or woman who betrayed the secrets and undertakings of the movement; and, after they had passed round a calabash, which Njeri had brought, and each had drunk a sip of Kikuyu beer, the meeting began.

"We know that our comrade Gitau has been to England to meet some of our friends and well-wishers overseas," the Spokesman said, "and I call upon him now to report on his visit."

Gitau rose, delighted that his moment had come. Like George Rutinu, he respected and admired the Spokesman, but he remained a little more detached, and saw that the eloquence which could move to tears, cheers and passion was not all a gift from God; it had ripened with practice, and little tricks and dodges helped it on.

He believed that he himself could do almost as well—perhaps even better, as his experience grew. The Spokesman was over-fond of brandy and had many woman friends, whereas he, Gitau, did not drink and kept women in their place, so far as he was able, which, he considered, conserved his strength.

Gitau's report took more than half an hour. His visit had been successful; it became a triumph in the telling. In Leeds he had found a very sympathetic audience, which had listened, applauded and expressed fraternal solidarity. When it came to practical help, the tree had been rather less fruitful, yet not entirely barren. Some money had been promised; it would be paid over in Nairobi very shortly. The actual sum had been left unsettled, but the promise had been definite.

MONEY and guns were the needs Gitau had spoken of outside the conference room. Guns had been a more ticklish matter. The first time he'd mentioned them, his companions had looked embarrassed, and one, an Egyptian, had told him softly to talk of textbooks instead, and medicines for ammunition. After that, he'd delivered a strong appeal for textbooks to help his people free themselves from the bonds of ignorance and imperialism.

The day before he left, a man he hadn't seen before came up to him with a message: a consignment of textbooks and m licines would be sent within the next few months. Now the Council of Nine must await the message and prepare to store the textbooks when they arrived.

At this point, Banduki interrupted Gitau.

"We must not merely be ready to store these textbooks," he said. "We must be ready to use them. As soon as these guns arrive then, I say, let us fight quickly and fight hard."

A strong murmur of assent greeted these words. Everyone was getting tired of delay—keyed up, expectant, eager.

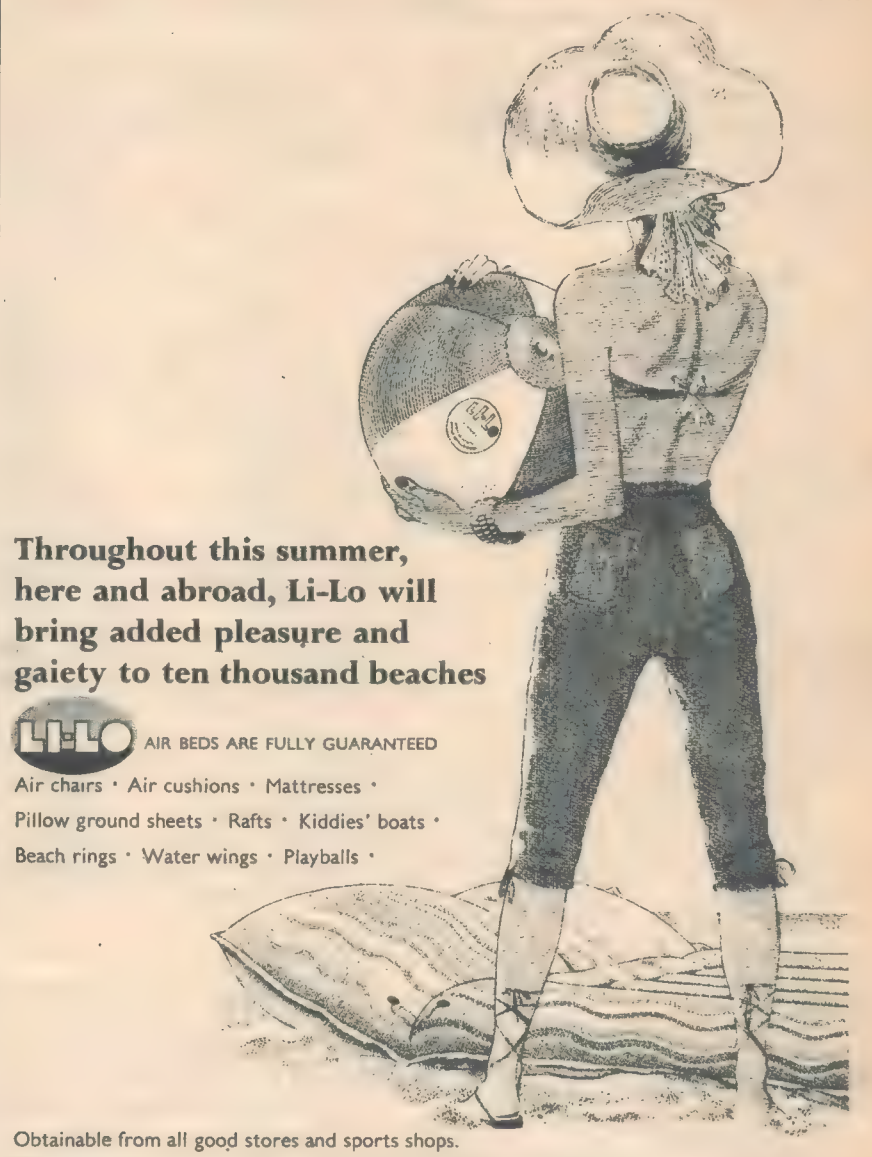
Gitau was annoyed that his speech had been interrupted. He struck his palm, and spoke in a slow, commanding voice. "The guns will be here before the little rains," he said. "Then . . . we can strike!"

"We shall need time, we must wait a little," the Spokesman said quickly. "But I will suggest a day which is not tomorrow, but which will come soon enough, and that is a day when Europeans will be feasting and drinking and wondering only when their cooks are going to bring the dinner, and whether their houseboys will serve it quickly enough: the day they call the feast of their white God's, and, indeed, it is, for it is a day of the belly. Let us call it the feast of the pangas and let the pangas eat their meat on Christmas Day."

* * *

On her last day at home, Pat strolled up to see the milking. Colonel Foxley had a milking shed now; not a very grand one, open-sided, but with concrete standings; for a long time the cows had been milked out in the open, tied to posts. But now he'd built a tidy little brick dairy and the separator could be heard whirring within.

The head man, Raphaelo, was there. He'd known her since she was a baby and called her Patty, like all the older



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DEREK FARR is by no means an unsociable fellow. Although driving is certainly one of his greatest interests, he also likes people and parties. But at one time it was his burning ambition to get away from the crowd. That's when he was just one of the 'crowd'—an extra, in fact—and hardly had a cigarette to his name. It was often a long time between Capstans in those days.

At last Derek was given his first speaking part. Only a few lines—but it lifted him immediately out of the 'crowd'. After that, he never looked back. "Of course it's been tough going at times," he says, "but one need never despair when things aren't so good. A nice quiet cigarette and a good long think work wonders. I assure you, you never find me without a Capstan somewhere near."

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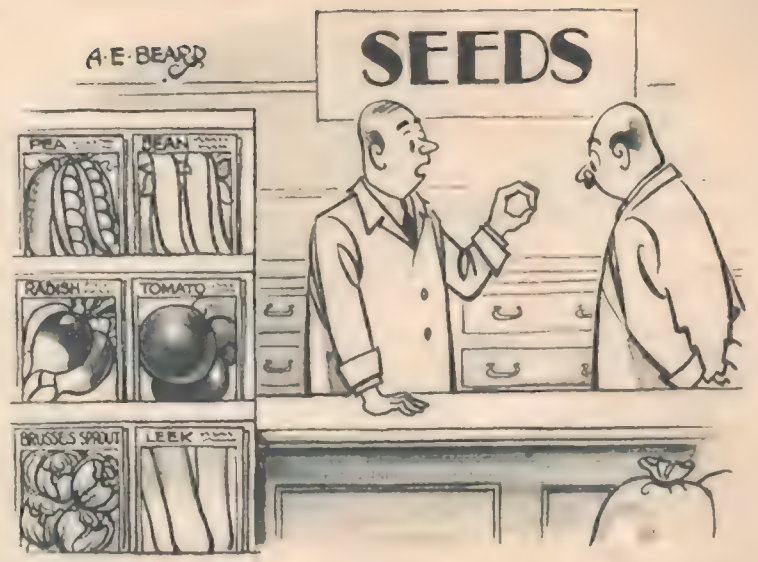

". . . and next day I had a lump the size of a pea"

men. At the age of perhaps thirty, with a wife and three children, he'd suddenly decided to become educated, and had sat with the tots in Standard I at a Roman Catholic mission school.

He'd seen that without reading and writing, not only would he never earn more money, but his sons would grow up to despise him. And so he'd been baptized a Roman Catholic and learned the art of writing, and, after he returned to work on Colonel Foxley's farm and it was seen that he could keep records and mark tickets and had not lost his honesty, he'd been made headman.

RAPHAELO was a tall, thin man with a bony face and a rather solemn look who took his duties seriously.

"How is your wife, Raphaelo?" She was expecting a baby, Pat knew.

Raphaelo looked grave. "She is well, but sometimes she has pains in her inside."

"Has she seen the doctor?"

"Not yet. I told her she should go to Tetu, but she has not agreed."

"I had better talk to her," Pat said.

"Perhaps she will listen to you."

"Don't Kikuyu wives always obey their husbands?"

"Not now they are becoming more like European wives," Raphaelo said sadly. And he took Pat to see her father's new calf-feeding system.

"What's all this about bwana Piet's calves being injured? Who would want to hurt them, Raphaelo?"

A wooden look came over Raphaelo's face. "I know nothing about it."

Pat was surprised. "But you heard?"

"Is a man wise to believe all he hears?"

"This is true. Bwana Piet told me."

"Perhaps the calves ate something poisonous. There are many plants in the bush that kill cattle."

"Do you know the son of bwana Piet's herdsman?"

"I don't know him," Raphaelo said.

Pat knew that he was lying. Plunging in, she asked straight out:

"Raphaelo, has this got anything to do with Mau Mau?"

Raphaelo said: "I do not know these words."

For the first time, Pat felt uneasy. Raphaelo wasn't even pretending now to speak the truth. Everyone knew about Mau Mau. Raphaelo was clearly frightened by it.

The Foxleys discussed Raphaelo's matrimonial affairs at breakfast.

"His wife ought to see the doctor," Pat said. "She's got pains."

"I told Raphaelo I'd take her in," said Mrs. Foxley, "but she refused. I think I really shall have to insist. We could run her in this morning, Pat, and then go on to the Wrens."

The Wrens farmed and had three sons. One was still a schoolboy, another had been left a cripple by polio and lived at home, the third and eldest son, Desmond, worked in a government department in Nairobi. Mamie had hoped that Pat and Desmond would make a match of it: a nice, good-looking boy with a splendid future, nothing could have been more suitable. They had known each other since they were children, and, at the age of eleven and twelve, Pat had nursed a romantic admiration for Desmond, which he had not returned.

This one-sided romance had been ended by Desmond's departure to an English public school. When they met again, he'd seemed to her a nice enough young man, with some of his mother's charm, but rather self-satisfied, and Mamie's hints and all too obvious aspirations only irritated her.

"I don't think I'll come to the Wrens," Pat said. "I've got to pack and write letters."

"Oh, Pat!" Her mother looked so distressed that she knew she'd have to give in. "It's your last day."

"Oh, well, all right," she said grumpily. "We'd better get hold of Raphaelo's wife if we're going to get away before lunch time."

"I'll tell Karioki," Coloney Foxley said. Karioki, the cook, was Raphaelo's second unofficial wife's half-brother; almost everyone on the farm was related in some way.

The colonel blew the whistle he used to summon the servants. A single blast generally produced the houseboy, Njombo, but on this occasion no one responded, even to a second and a third summons. Muttering curses, the colonel got to his feet and went to investigate.

He halted, amazed, at the door of the kitchen. It was empty. And at half past eight in the morning! He had never known it happen before. He went back to the veranda, exasperated and puzzled.

"I'd better go and see if anything's wrong," Pat said.

THE bush came almost to the edge of the garden and a path twisted through it to the huts and shambas of the farm labourers about half a mile away. It was here that Karioki and Njombo lived. Pat set off along it and was soon immersed in undergrowth and young trees.

She heard voices and a moment later almost ran into Karioki and Njombo. Karioki stood stock still and looked at her with an expression she'd never seen before. A strong impression came over her that he was afraid. But why? Not of her, surely. She stood aside to let him pass, remarking:

"We have all been looking for you, Karioki."

"I have been to see if Raphaelo's wife will go to hospital. Her stomach hurts her, but she won't agree."

Of course! He'd been told to fetch her, and no doubt thought he could persuade her himself. But then again, Karioki always had an answer ready for anything. . . .

Njombo followed. He was not nearly

so intelligent as Karioki. He often did foolish things, but everyone liked him because of his cheerful good nature, though sometimes he exasperated Mamie. He brushed by now without a word, quite rudely. This was so unlike him that Pat knew he was upset.

Uneasy, Pat returned to the house. A car stood on the lawn—Piet Hendrik's.

Piet was on the veranda with her mother. Pat was about to say something to him when she saw his face: it looked as if he'd just seen a dead man rise.

Her father appeared at the doorway. He was grey and drawn. "What's happened?" she asked.

"Piet's lost some cattle," he told her. "There's been . . . a sort of a raid."

"You mean they've been stolen?"

"They've been killed."

"I killed them," Piet said in a cracked voice.

"I've warned the Wrens," the colonel said, "and I'll go round in the car to the others. We shall have to work out some system of guards."

PIET gave a sort of laugh. "Guards won't do you any good, man. I tell you my herd boys were in it to the neck. I'd have shot them if I'd had the cartridges. And I'm going back to do it now."

"Don't be a fool," said the colonel.

Mamie handed him a cup of nearly cold coffee. "Drink this, Piet. You've had no breakfast. The police will take it over now."

"The police! They're blundering about there now like a herd of elephants. This is something I must handle myself."

"First of all you must have some breakfast, Piet. You can't do anything on an empty stomach."

He shook his head. "I only came to give the warning. If you want to send over for some meat. . . ." His voice broke and, all of a sudden, he flung himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands. It was the gesture of a small, defeated boy.

"Those swine went for his breeding stock," the colonel said. "They knew what they were after. Scuppered the lot. They've done for the poor devil, I should think. The whole of ten years' work wiped out in ten minutes."

"I don't understand," Pat said. "Piet said *he* killed them."

"To put them out of their agony. That's the awful thing about it, Pat. This wasn't just two or three disgruntled natives trying to get their own back on Piet for some grudge or other by poisoning his cows. It's something far worse—something I just don't understand. I've never heard of anything like it before. Dammit, these people keep cattle themselves!"

"If it wasn't poison, then——?"

"Pangas," the colonel said shortly.

Pat was silent with horror.

"It wasn't the work of maniacs, either. They went for the breeding herd and didn't leave one. They did it very skilfully, Piet says. The calves were slashed, too."

"Our boys knew about it," Pat said. "That was why they behaved so queerly."

"I'm going in to Tetu to see the D.C.," Colonel Foxley said. "It's the government's duty to maintain law and order. They'll have to do something about it now or this thing will spread right through the country."

Njombo came on to the veranda, looking agitated.

"Bwana, if you are going to Tetu, you had better take Raphaelo's wife. She is outside and says her stomach hurts badly."

Pat said: "But you and Karioki just went to see her and told me that she refused to go."

"She has changed her mind."

Pat looked at him sternly. "Njombo, did you go to Raphaelo's hut this morning or was it somewhere else?"

"I went to Raphaelo's. You can ask the woman."

Pat knew that if she asked, Njombo's story would be confirmed. But she was almost certain that he lied.

To be continued next week

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COVER UP THE CRIME

Continued from page 15

I distinctly told you that I haven't been near the place for *ages*!"

She said it indifferently. He knew what he was up against. So he tried to get to the same place another way.

"How long is it since you saw Daley?"

"George?" She thought a moment. "Perhaps a month. We're still good friends."

"Look, Ellen——"

"Bryan, do please stop being intense. After all, does George matter any more to us?"

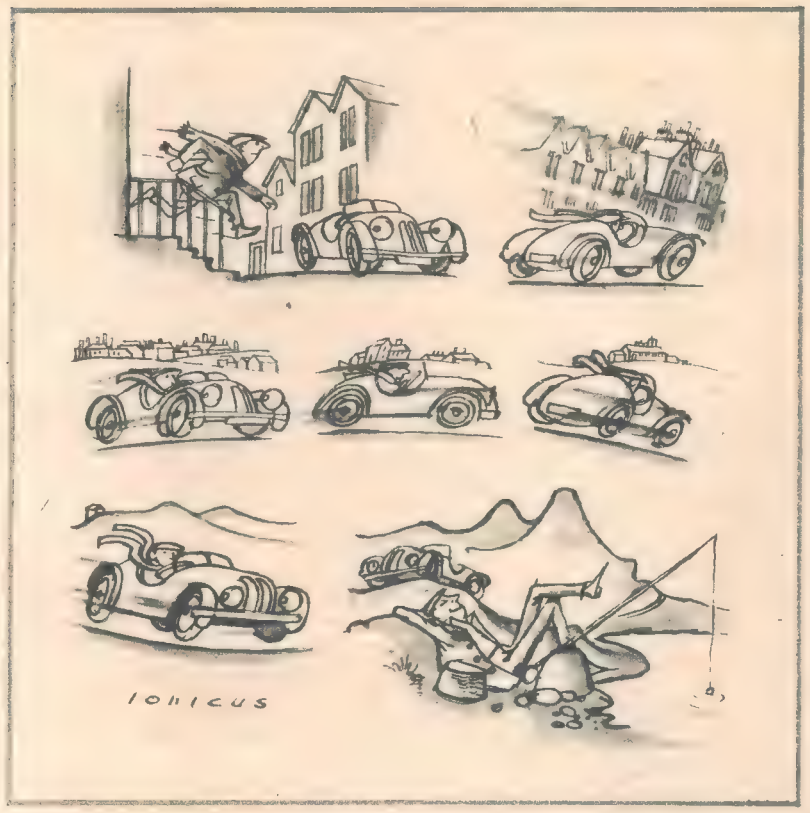
He couldn't have told why, but he knew then. By some inflexion of her voice, some narrowing of her eyes.

"I'm terribly grateful for all the things you do for me, Bryan. Even things that might—well, that could get you into trouble, too. Now, let's never say any more about George again."

She wasn't even curious. She didn't care what he had done with George. That, of course, was the rôle she was going to play if anything went wrong. *She didn't know George had ever been at Chines.*

He could have thrown the drink in her face, struck her, done anything to crack that mask of bland indifference. He leaned over the table. Perhaps there *was* a way to crack it.

"Ellen," he said, "I found out something about myself the other night. Sometimes I talk in my sleep."



THE moment she raised her eyes, he regretted he had told her that. She didn't speak for a while. Then she said in a soft rush: "Bryan, what's on your mind? Have you done something terrible and daren't tell me? Is it—oh, *Bryan*! Surely it can't be something to do with George?"

So that was her line! He stared at her, shaking his head, feeling trapped.

"Drink up and let's go. Whatever it is, you mustn't let it get on your nerves, Bryan. I'll help you."

They left the glasses on the table. Bryan opened the outer door, letting in a flurry of wind and rain that pulled a cloud of smoke from the fireplace and set the horse-brasses dancing. "We'll take my car," Ellen said. "You can pick yours up later."

She drove the car, and at the drive slammed on the brakes so suddenly that his head jerked against the windscreen. Someone was coming away from Chines.

It was Jean, wearing her long green coat, her hair silver, her breath a silver cloud in the night air.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, winding down the window. "Where've you been? Spying to see where we were?"

She looked past him at Ellen.

"I'm sorry, Ellen, but I couldn't let you get away with it. You've got away with so much, but not this!"

Her head turned swiftly. "Bryan, I had to hack that overmantel down. Such a lovely piece of oak, too. . . . And all the plaster. They won't be able to tell now when he died. And no one's been in the house for a month. No one but you, Ellen, these last two days."

Ellen's voice was harsh. "I don't know what on earth you're talking about, but Bryan was certainly here on Monday, putting up the overmantel."

"Oh, no! Bryan wasn't well over the weekend. He didn't leave the house at all on Monday. The overmantel is still in the shed at home. Bryan's working on it now."

Bryan got out of the car and grabbed Jean's shoulders. "What's all this about, you damned little fool?"

"They won't be able to identify him, Bryan. I took everything out of his pockets that wouldn't burn."

"Burn?" Ellen shrieked.

"Yes, I'm sorry about the mess I made, Ellen, but it won't matter now." The words tumbled out. "Because I poured all the petrol and paraffin I could find in the garage over the settee and the chairs——"

Ellen's car was roaring up the drive. Bryan ran after it, with Jean following. Near the house he could see a bright, angry glow in the lounge.

Ellen jumped out of the car and ran to the front door, fumbling with her latch-key. When she opened the door, a cloud of red-shot smoke billowed out.

"The back door!" she cried, starting to run.

"Keep out!" Bryan shouted after her.

"Everything's in there," she panted. "Money, clothes, jewels. . . ."

She was running towards the shed. By the time she came back with the key, the draught from the open front door was bringing tongues of roaring flame into the kitchen and the thatch was alight

"Ring the fire brigade!" she told him, turning the heavy key.

"With *that* on the floor? You're crazy! And it's suicide to go in there."

ELLEN pushed him aside and vanished into the whirl of smoke. He stared at the door, swinging towards them on its own weight. He forgot Jean, close beside him. Forgot everything but the fear of Ellen that had been born when she looked at him in the bar of the Dragon. *Ellen was in there. If Ellen never came out, he wouldn't be afraid of her any more.*

He pulled the door shut and turned the key.

"Bryan!" He twisted round to face Jean; there was horror in her eyes. "Bryan, unlock the door! That's murder!"

"So it's murder!" he said, hurling the key with all his strength into the darkness. "Who started the damned fire?"

"I did it for you, Bryan. To cover you up." Her fists beat frantically against his chest. "Not so that you could do this. Not——"

Someone was running towards the house. It was Guy Wainwright. Others would soon be here, attracted by the ever-brightening glare. Bryan began to stammer. It was Jean who snatched the words away from him.

"Ellen's in there, Guy. We tried to stop her, but there were things in her room she wanted. She went in at the front door but there's no getting out that way now. Can't we break this open?"

Guy ran to the wood-pile. Bryan helped him to drag back a heavy log. They smashed it against the door till the hinges gave. Bryan turned and looked at Jean, a look she didn't quite understand, then he blundered into a curtain of smoke as thick and red now as the one that had met them at the front door.

"Come back!" Guy shouted. "You can't do anything."

But he didn't come back. For an eternity, they waited helplessly, Jean wondering if by some miracle he would struggle back with Ellen in his arms. But a sudden flurry of wind blew the smoke the other way, and they saw him, pinned under the ruin of the blazing staircase.

Guy stripped off his coat, dipped it in the water-tub that stood under the thatch, wrapped it over his head, and dived through the door. Thirty seconds and he was back; clothes smouldering, dragging Bryan by the feet.

BRYAN lived till next day. Jean never left his bedside. It was then he told her those parts of the story she hadn't already known or guessed.

The police never did find out exactly what happened at Chines. Bryan was the hero who gave his life in a futile bid to save Mrs. Daley. And Guy Wainwright received honourable mention.

There were no water mains, the roof had fallen in when the fire engines arrived, and Chines, with all the beauty of its wood and thatch, was a heap of white ash next morning.

They found a few charred remains that were presumed to be Ellen's, and as they were only looking for her anyway, that satisfied everyone. If ever the site were cleared, who knows? But there seems little chance of that. Because, the night before they were married, Jean told Guy Wainwright the whole story. She said to him:

"I thought you should know all about it. I cheated you of the years I gave to him. I've come to you thirty and plain and jaded——"

"You'll never be plain to me," he told her.

"But I am. I wanted you to know what I did for him, and I didn't love him very much. I'll do a lot more for you to make up for everything I took away from you."

"I think I ought to buy that plot of land," he said thoughtfully.

He did. It will never be disturbed now. After five years, the rubble is deep under brambles and nettles. They pass that way sometimes, and coming by Coppice Wood they rarely speak. But, past the corner where Chines stood, they smile at each other and walk more quickly. They are going home.

THE END

MITSINARI

Continued from page 19

foliage, lighting up all the brilliance of his underfeathers.

After the dance had been in progress for several minutes, the bird allowed himself to drop, feathers outspread, in the full blaze of the rising sun. Then, by an extraordinary twitch of the wing, he managed to recover himself just before touching the foliage, and shot aloft again like an arrow, the crimson tufts streaming out like the tail of a comet. Then once more he allowed himself to sink, a gyrating firework display, on to the long, dried branch.

A second time he alighted on the branch, once more stiffened and unfurled the vibrant flames beneath his wings, and again let himself fall in a spinning whirl of colour. At the third time, alas, he sank among the leaves and disappeared. One of Golopouï's arrows had closed his dance of life in death.

A few minutes later, I had him in my hands; a soft little body, still warm and smeared with blood—a pitiful reminder of the ephemeral beauties of this world. "Why did you have to kill it?" I muttered. "It was so beautiful!"

"It will look even more beautiful woven into a head-dress for the dance," replied Golopouï, taking the bird from my hands. He seated himself on a fallen tree trunk, and with the steel knife I had given him delicately opened the tiny body. Then, using teeth and feet, as well as hands, with great dexterity he cleaned it out, so that not a single feather fell. After that, he pulled off the claws.

We set off once more, and as I stumbled along the usual precipitous tracks, I could not drive the thought of the birds of paradise from my mind.

In my many journeys through the Papuan bush I have seen other marvellous performances by these amazing birds. There is, for example, the species known in Papuan as the Golové, which ornithologists have burdened with the name *diphyllode*, but which the British have happily honoured with the name Magnificent. And magnificent it indeed is.

The Golové bird of paradise is little bigger than a thrush. The short plumage which covers the greater part of the body is the brown of a Franciscan's homespun robe, but in addition is adorned with flashing colours beside which the regalia of a Franciscan bishop would pale into insignificance.

His charming little head is covered by a silky cap. Emerging from this cap and covering the back of the neck and the shoulders is a little mantle of feathers as brilliant as newly minted gold. Beneath the mantle the back feathers emerge, in cardinal red, and the wings are like a cope of old gold on either side.

The most striking adornment of the Golové, however, is a sort of thick muffler round the throat, a rich green which glints in the sun on the outside, and blue on the underside. Beginning under the pearly beak, and from the bluish streaks at the corners of the eyes, this astonishing vestment falls in opulent waves to the azure-tinted claws.

The magnificent bird builds for himself an extraordinary little dwelling—which it would be truer to describe as his "ballroom" or "court of love." On my travels round the countryside, I frequently had the opportunity to observe these "courts of love" and to note each tiny detail. By collating my various impressions, I believe I can give a fairly accurate picture of the Golové's manner of wooing its mate.

The Golové usually begins by choosing a spot on some sharp ridge, but the actual place will be as level as possible and clear of trees to leave plenty of space. With beak and claws, he then proceeds to clear the ground, plucking out the grass, levelling the soil and removing any decaying vegetable matter. A veteran gardener could not do better. If bushes still obstruct these clearing operations, the

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Golové plucks off their leaves, and often the bark as well, so that they will die.

One bush, however, is left untouched —usually the most isolated one—and around this he begins to build the dance floor proper. After much scratching, hollowing, raising and levelling, he succeeds in constructing a small earth platform, with the remaining bush exactly in its centre. The final platform is not only level, but forms a perfect circle. (I have checked this by tying a piece of string to the foot of the bush and measuring the outer circumference of the circle: it could not have been drawn more exactly with a pair of compasses.)

Colour For His Arena

The total area cleared is at least fifteen feet in diameter; but the raised platform is less than six feet across. The Golové spends months of effort on these operations. But even after that he does not rest. His next step is to fly off and forage in the forest, from which he returns with beakfuls of lichen and clumps of coarse moss. With these materials he builds a thick bank round the central platform, a bank both decorative and useful, for it holds the friable earth in place.

That done, he flies off once more to the forest, and this time returns with brown or golden twigs and blades which he scatters all over the floor of his little arena. Then, as the mating season begins, the Golové starts to put the finishing touches to his court. Among the gleaming rushes of the arena floor he now scatters red, white and green berries in graceful patterns.

From then on he remains erect or crouched over his handiwork, often for hours on end, stroking back his feathers, which grow more and more brilliant, or puffing them out, and from time to time uttering plaintive cries. These are his love calls, for he is appealing for a companion. Sure enough, the female bird duly arrives, but she shows herself only for brief intervals. At times, as if to whet his appetite, she flutters over the "court of love" and settles on the tip of the centre bush.

But Love Is Blind

Seeing her, the Golové is thrown into great excitement. One cannot help wondering why, to judge by their different appearances. For this Juliet on her balcony is as plain and unadorned as the most common warbler. But love is blind, and the Golové is as blind as any other lover. He makes a sideways hop on to the lower part of the bush and then, by jerky little steps, begins to climb towards his lady-love.

Two hops up and one down—so he goes on, his beak eagerly raised towards the object of his desire. Just as he is about to reach her, she flies away. Romeo descends sadly to his platform, and begins all over again to smooth or ruffle out his feathers and to utter his plaintive appeals.

All at once, he is seized by an inspiration. He flits off into the forest, and returns clutching in his beak—a flower. Usually, it is an orchid, a begonia or some similar bloom which grows easily in the humid warmth of the Papuan jungle. He lays the flower on the platform, and quickly flies off in search of more.

To be quite honest, I have never with my own eyes seen the Golové returning with his flowers; but I have certainly seen the flowers delicately laid out on the platform, and I have even noticed that they were renewed as soon as they began to fade. No one but the Golové could have placed them there, for he builds his court far from any human habitation.

With these floral offerings, Juliet's resistance begins to weaken seriously. At the first call from her lover she reappears on the balcony. She is even less able to resist because it is now that the Golové begins his real dance.

The dance begins on the ground. The bird starts to leap frenziedly up and down among the twigs, flowers and berries; then, reaching the foot of the bush, he stops and contracts his muscles. At this, the cope is raised, and the feathers which compose it fan out and finish by forming a large aureole round the bird's head.

At the same time, the green ruffle hanging on the chest also spreads out fanwise, offsetting the splendours of the cope; so that, finally, the impression is of a many-coloured screen at the centre of which the tiny head gleams like some precious stone.

Juliet Is Tempted

This initial performance lasts no longer than a few moments, however. The Golové resumes more or less his normal appearance, hops sideways on the bush and begins to climb obliquely towards his mistress, still with two hops up and one down. Half-way up, he once more displays all his feathers. Then he stops, hops once more along the branch and eventually perches right beside his Juliet. There, he again spreads his cope out for her in a glorious halo, and exhibits the green ruffle and the old gold of his wings.

Juliet can resist no longer. With a gracious flick of her wings, she flutters down from her balcony and lands lightly on the platform, among the twigs, flowers and berries lovingly laid out in her honour.

In a flurry of flame, the Golové follows her. He comes close and begins to peck at her rapidly in a series of hasty kisses. Then he opens his beak wide, so that she can gaze into its interior. It is like a ball of transparent jade, in the centre of which quivers the tiny pink tongue.

At that, subjugated at last, she crouches down, a humble little brown object for whom so much care and effort, so much anxious preparation and artistry have been expended, and the Romeo of the Papuan forests receives at last the meagre recompense for all his love.

While we were resting, I spoke to

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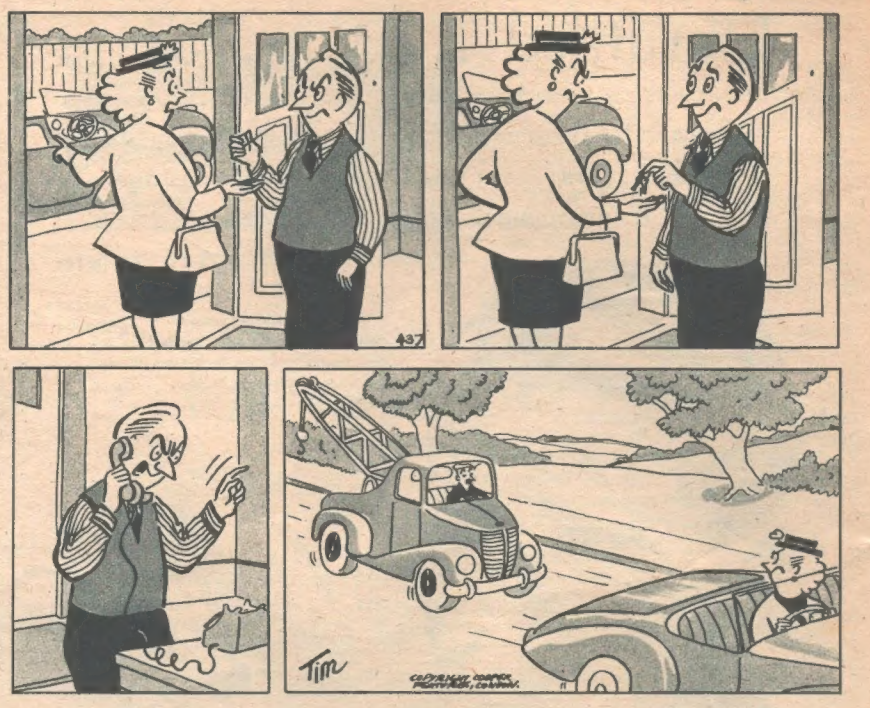
OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*



Golopouï about the Golové. Naturally, he was well acquainted with the bird and its habits.

"We keep a close watch on its labour," he told me. "When the Golové begins to scratch the earth, we know it is time for us to make a clearing in the bush for our gardens. When he rakes the ground over to prepare his platform, our women break up the soil with pointed sticks. When he builds a border round his platform, we build palisades round our gardens to keep out the wild boars; and when he strews his platform with twigs and coloured berries, we plant our vegetables.

"After that, we still do as he does: we rest, we sing, we dress ourselves in flowers, and we dance. The hearts of our women are glad. . . . So, you see, we, the 'true men,' are like the Golové."

"Yes, except for the poetry and all that finery. . . ."

"You are wrong," retorted Golopouï. "I will show you the big headdress I will wear for the dance: it is adorned with feathers of the Golové."

Like Black Gnomes

It was fairly late when we came within sight of the village of Golopouï's friend. Far below, on the tip of a spur which stood out against the background of rolling forest like the prow of a ship, I glimpsed a tiny reddish clearing bounded by a score or so of yellow huts. There was great animation in the square. From our vantage point, figures like black gnomes could be seen gesturing, leaping and running about. They must have been singing, too, since echoes of warlike clamour reached us.

Billows of white smoke rose from between the huts. I turned to Golopouï to ask him the reason for all this unusual activity. He was frowning.

"What's happening, Golopouï?" I asked.

He shrugged and muttered, "Who knows?" He took a closer look, and listened with cupped ear. "Let's go a little lower down," he said at last. "We'll be able to see better from there. Then, perhaps, we can discover what is happening."

We scrambled down the steep descent which led from the top of the main ridge to the bottom of the valley. The village was situated half-way down on its jutting eminence. As we drew nearer, the chanting became more distinct. Golopouï appeared to be increasingly uneasy.

At the next clearing from which we could still command a direct view of the village, Golopouï called a longer halt in order to size up the situation. "I'll warn them of our arrival," he declared. "It will be better that way."

He braced himself firmly against a root, put one arm behind his head and began to shout at the top of his lungs: "*Ho . . . Ho . . . Ho. . . .*"

In the village below all animation abruptly stopped. The people crowded at the edge of the clearing, in front of the communal hut, to catch the message. Then, Golopouï, doubtless feeling harassed, made two mistakes. First, he omitted to announce himself; and second, he merely shouted: "The *Mitsinari* is coming."

The effect of this information was quite astonishing. In a flash the village was deserted. We saw groups of women rushing towards the slopes opposite those on which we stood, and warriors racing to vanish into the nearby forest. Realizing his mistake, Golopouï began shouting his own name, but the tumult below must have been quite enough to drown it.

Golopouï stopped shouting. He turned and said sombrely: "I shouldn't have brought you with me. But I didn't know. . . . You must stay here in the forest. Hide. Meanwhile, my men and I will catch up with the runaways and make them return to the village. But you mustn't go there yourself, under any circumstances. Don't come until I call."

But what was the meaning of all this mystery? I was determined to find out. Besides, my dignity as a "great chief," my reputation as a messenger of the "Great Spirit" and my desire to get to know better these people to whom I had been sent, all combined to determine my line of action.

As soon, therefore, as Golopouï and his men had disappeared from sight, I bounded down the abrupt slope which led straight into the village itself. But when at last, panting and sweating, I emerged into the clearing in front of the huts, I was greeted with an unpleasant surprise.

Yelled War Chants

A number of warriors, clustered before the main opening in the protective barrier, stood waiting for me. They must have stayed behind to cover the flight of the rest.

As soon as they caught sight of me they began the classic pantomime which was aimed at frightening off the potential enemy. Their naked bodies filthy as old bronze coins, their faces daubed with red and white paint, their heads decked with cassowary feathers, they jumped up and down yelling war chants, brandishing their spears and drawing their bows with terrifying expressions.

But I was hardened by then to that kind of game. The fact that neither spear nor arrow flew in my direction was a good sign. All I had to do was to carry on as if nothing was happening.

NEXT WEEK: I discover the mystery of the villagers' sudden flight

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated September 11 and in JOHN BULL dated September 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 4, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,950 result.)

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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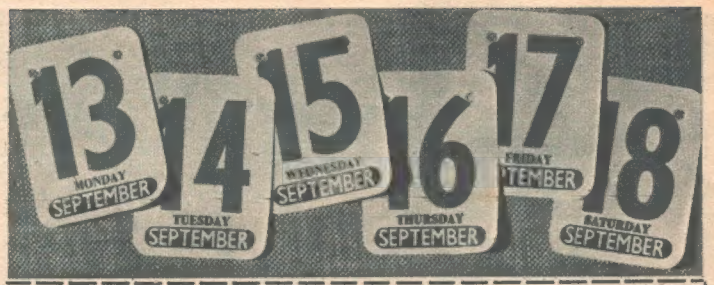

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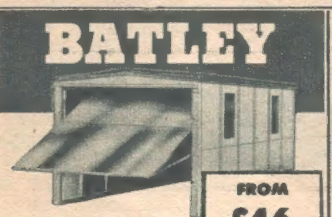

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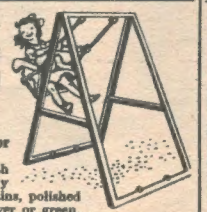

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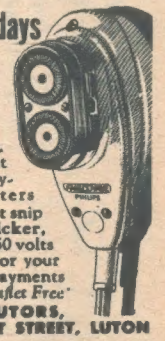

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